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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE disastrous overflowing of the Thames from Woolwich to Kew in the early hours of last Saturday morning, in which fifteen lives were lost and thousands had their homes ruined, shows Londoners that they have been far too complacent about their river. It never had overflowed—or not for a great many years—so it never would overflow: that has been the attitude. Now we know that what happened last week might have happened at any time during the last sixty years. Only good luck prevented the combination of high wind, high tide and flood water coming down from the upper reaches from occurring before; the event has proved that the defences against its occurrence were—and are—inadequate. The affair last week was exceptional, but defences should be built to withstand the exceptional.

Lord Desborough's explanation of the catastrophe is insufficient. He admits that he foresaw the possibility of disaster, and he describes how he spent his time on a sick bed between consulting the barometer and praying

against a thaw. It might have been better to pay less attention to the temperature and more to the telephone. Recognizing the imminent possibility of flooding, surely it would have been wise to ring up the various police stations and tell them to appoint patrols and warn riverside inhabitants of the danger. Had that course been followed the Thames would still have overflowed, but no lives would have been lost.

So much for the immediate trouble. The Thames situation as a whole demands urgent consideration. It is not only the London defences of the river that need strengthening; something drastic must at last be done to overcome the annual flooding of the Thames valley above the locks which has long been a much graver matter than the joke the nation has been content to regard it as. The loss sustained year by year through neglect of this problem must be in the aggregate prodigious. It is an irony that a nation famous for its river-engineers—a nation that has successfully harnessed the vast waters of Nile and Ganges and half-a-dozen more—should allow itself to remain at the mercy of a little ditch like the Thames. The reasons are

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simply lack of unified control and the national genius for muddling through. This time we have not even muddled through, and we have got—in the slang phrase—to "sit up and take notice." The proposal for a committee or commission to inquire into the matter is useless. The country does not want a committee: it wants something to be done.

The water that covered the mean streets of Westminster uncovered another scandal, and one that we hope will not subside as quickly as the floods. We refer, of course, to the shocking conditions in which the poor inhabitants of these streets live. It took the sudden focusing of attention occasioned by the flood to touch the imagination of a public made indifferent by long familiarity. The slums of Westminster are a howling disgrace to the city that contains the seat of government of the greatest Empire in history. If the attention that has now been drawn to them in so startling and unforeseen a manner should set in motion an irresistible demand for their removal, last week's flood will not have been wholly a disaster.

The result of the Northampton by-election proves quite clearly that the country is not yet tired of the Government. The Conservative, Captain Renton, lost, but only by relatively few votes, and he would surely have retained the seat but for the intervention of the indefatigable Mr. Hailwood, who, standing as an "independent Conservative," annexed just enough votes to let the Socialist in, but forfeited his deposit, as he did not long ago at Southend. He appears to be fond of this kind of thing. The election further proved that the "Liberal revival" is a myth, and that the swing of the pendulum has so far attained only a very mild degree of movement. The Government have not been happy in all their transactions since they came into power, but their record obviously inspires far more confidence than that of either of their rivals. They could go to the country happily to-morrow.

The reported exile of the principal Opposition leaders in Russia, though not officially confirmed, plainly shows the present trend of affairs in Moscow. There is now every indication that M. Stalin and the Politbureau have succeeded in breaking the back of the Trotsky opposition. This means that the Russian revolution has now reached the transitional phase of bureaucratic dictatorship. The Opposition wanted greater freedom of action within the Communist Party. M. Stalin, who at all events is a practical politician, does not intend to endanger the position by permitting any revolt either from Right or Left. His present task is the building up of Soviet Russia as a State, and anything likely to impede this work he is putting down with an iron hand. The building up of the Russian State and the preservation of "party unity" are the planks of M. Stalin's policy, and those who stand in the way—whatever their services to the Bolshevik revolution—are being removed. That is the interpretation of recent occurrences in Moscow.

Next Monday the Pan-American Congress opens at Havana. The U.S.A., anticipating Latin-American criticism of her Central American policy, is sending to Havana the most imposing delegation on record. Previous Pan-American Conferences have not been very serious affairs, but the U.S. State Department is treating the forthcoming meeting with much gravity. So much is clear from the efforts it has made to conciliate Latin-American opinion in advance. Washington has succeeded in bringing about an eleventh-hour *detente* between the U.S.A. and Mexico, from which country criticism was expected. President Calles has instructed the Mexican delegates not to embarrass the U.S. with any criticisms at Havana. Coincidentally it is reported that Mexico is about to succeed in obtaining a loan in New York.

The question most likely to arouse criticism is the situation which has arisen in Nicaragua, where the revolt of General Sandino has involved the U.S.A., in a "little war" which shows signs of developing, and this on the very eve of the Pan-American Conference. The U.S.A. has a case when it comes to protecting her interests in Central America against internal upheaval, but there is no denying that the U.S. military intervention in the nominally independent Republic of Nicaragua has a smell of Imperialism. Latin-American apprehension is not unnatural.

In the meantime negotiations between Paris and Washington for the multilateral Pact to outlaw war are going forward. M. Briand's official utterances are optimistic that the two Republics will arrive at a formula that will satisfy all the Powers who it is hoped will adhere. But it is obvious from the nature of the French reply to the U.S.A., with its insistence upon the term "wars of aggression," that prolonged negotiations lie ahead and that their final result is not likely to be much more than the pious declaration which we anticipated last week. While we welcome even such a meagre result as this—its moral value is evident—we are obliged to return to our previously expressed conclusion that the League of Nations already provides a machinery for the outlawry of war of a more practical nature than anything which is likely to come out of the Franco-American negotiations.

The Bishops have met this week to discuss the alterations to be made in the Prayer Book and the procedure to be adopted when they have been made. The changes which they will recommend are likely to approximate pretty closely to those suggested in these columns a few weeks ago. It becomes increasingly possible that they will not prove drastic enough to satisfy the Protestant element in Parliament, and there is even a danger that a section of the Church Assembly, encouraged by the example of the House of Commons, may prove less tractable this time than last. If so, the prospects will be gloomy. Lord Halifax has not helped the Archbishops by the sudden publication, against their wishes, of his observations on the Malines

conversations. What he has to say has fluttered the Evangelical dovecotes afresh. Their fears ought to be allayed to some extent by the uncompromising Encyclical just issued by the Pope, but the omens for success at the second venture are not at the moment growing more propitious.

The B.B.C. censorship on controversial matter evidently extends to their own deliberations on the subject. On Thursday they issued the following masterpiece in an art that has fallen into some decline from the zenith it reached in the war : "The Board of Governors of the British Broadcasting Corporation desire to state that the whole question of broadcasting controversial matter has had for some time past and is still having their careful consideration." We do not doubt it. The miniature storm that has arisen over their decision not to broadcast a play they had commissioned from Captain Berkeley, on the grounds that it was "controversial," has forced them to consider the question, whether they want to or not. Their interpretation of the Postmaster-General's instruction may or may not be correct. If it is not, then they are to blame; if it is, then the Postmaster-General is to blame: the point is that in either event the public is ill served. The potential abuses of broadcasting controversial matter do not need stressing; but surely, if broadcasting is to become anything better than a protracted children's hour for half-wits, the ban should not be made to apply to works of imagination. There is not a play to be heard worth hearing that is not in some sense or another controversial: Ibsen, for example, or Shaw. If such works are to be stifled, then broadcasting as a medium of education and entertainment for intelligent people will be stifled too.

The United States has tried before to capture the transatlantic passenger trade from this country, and without conspicuous success. Whether the plans now reported to be maturing for another attempt will culminate more successfully time will show, but at all events they have the merit of boldness. The scheme which, according to report, the new company has in hand is based on co-operation between fast liners and aircraft. The liners are to be equipped with aeroplanes which will land on, and take off from, the deck, and it is calculated that by employing these machines to overtake the ship with late passengers and to hurry forward passengers on the last stage of the journey, the length of the transatlantic voyage can be reduced from five days to three. We have for some time foreseen the eventual development of some such scheme as this. It is the obvious first step in the commercial use of aeroplanes for transatlantic traffic. Technically, it is quite practicable. Can it be made to pay?

Meanwhile England and Germany are each pressing forward with the construction of their new giant airships. It is a race for the honour of being the first airship to carry paying passengers across the Atlantic. If these new dirigibles prove successful the passage will be

reduced to one of forty-eight hours. Commander Burney has in readiness a scheme for building a fleet of airships larger and faster than the R100 now completing, by which he plans to maintain a regular service between England and America on alternate days. If these schemes successfully mature, we are in for another revolution in travel. That miracle of less than twenty years ago—and still the fastest liner in the world—the *Mauretania*, will be made to look as slow as a turtle. There will be a slump in betting on the "ocean greyhounds."

Next week the Franco-Italian and Italo-Jugoslav negotiations are due to begin. It is hoped that an Italo-Jugoslav settlement will come within the larger framework of a Franco-Italian settlement. The initiative came in the first place from M. Briand, who realized that if a dangerous situation was to be averted some final attempt at a general settlement of Italo-French differences would have to be made. These differences cover the wide field of the Mediterranean, the Balkans, and the question of colonial outlets. The French agree that a legitimate Italian problem exists and M. Briand is ready to discuss with Signor Mussolini ways and means of meeting Italy's more reasonable demands. One of the conditions from the French point of view is that Italy should cease her policy of Balkan penetration.

If the Franco-Italian negotiations should be successful the Italo-Jugoslav negotiations will presumably also have a successful issue. Failure would only leave the situation in a worse condition than it was before. M. Briand's attitude is certainly a reasonable one, and so is that of Dr. Marinkovitch, the Jugoslav Foreign Minister. Signor Mussolini also appears to be in a less intransigent mood. If the preliminary approaches of M. de Beaumarchais, the new French Ambassador at Rome, go well, a personal meeting between M. Briand and Il Duce is expected to follow. Since the British Foreign Office is known to be interested, we hope Sir Austen will make the most of this opportunity to use his good offices on behalf of a settlement.

The death of Mr. Thomas Hardy, which we record with deep regret, removes from our midst the last of the Victorians. There is no other figure representative of that age still living comparable in greatness to him. Of his work we have written at length elsewhere in this issue. In outlook utterly out of sympathy with the age that nourished him, he lived to see the prevailing philosophy approximate much more closely to his own, and has died before the inevitable reaction against it and against his art has fairly begun. To whatever extent that reaches—and, like all reactions, it is certain to be exaggerated—Hardy is sure of his place among the greatest names in English literature. It is a matter of melancholy pride to this REVIEW that the poem by him which we had the privilege of publishing in our recent Christmas Number must have been one of the very last manuscripts to which he set his signature.

THE HUMANITIES AND POLITICS

All will agree who heard or read the addresses of Mr. Baldwin two years ago, and of Lord Hewart last year, the Classical Association has been singularly fortunate of late in its Presidents. Professor Conway has been continuing their good work this week. Mr. Baldwin, it will be remembered, spoke of the message of classic Rome to the England of to-day, and Lord Hewart, being a Grecian even more than a Latinist, had his thoughts mainly on the contribution of Greece to our civilization.

Professor Conway's address this year was on the somewhat curious subject of Virgil's influence on the government of the early Empire. Virgil's was the tenderest and purest soul of classic antiquity, but few of us can have thought of him as a politician. He certainly expressed for all time the ideal of the *pax Romana*, but the greatest of the Latin poets is among the first to deify the Emperor, and the language of adulation towards Augustus is not easy to reconcile with any real political influence over him. Yet Professor Conway makes out a good case when he traces the greater moderation and mildness of Augustus in the second part of his principate to the power of the poets over him. Augustus had a fine intelligence, but none of the genius of his great uncle, Julius, and his nature had neither his fervour nor his generous impulses.

On such a man the poetry of Virgil with its sense of pity and its great passion for peace, alike between peoples and classes, may well have reacted like conversion to a new gospel. The political influence of the poet was not personal, but inherent in the quality of his work. The perfect expression of any idea almost inevitably strains all the bitterness from quarrel. For hate is essentially an ugly and distorting passion, and it shrivels up in the illumination of classic beauty and hastens to hide itself. Except in Dante and Hebrew prophets, love for his fellow man is the crown of the great classic writer. So may the shy and gentle genius of Virgil have influenced the first of the Julian Emperors.

Professor Conway might have followed an easier and wider approach to his central theme of how the humanities have influenced political life. The war through which we have just passed has produced as yet no great literature, or so little as to exercise no appreciable influence on current thought, and it was the first war in which the scientific spirit definitely prevailed over the classic spirit. Only in the ill-fated campaign in Gallipoli was there any survival of the romantic and literary tradition of war; elsewhere the war seemed a contest of machines rather than of human wills, and the stuff of poetry, which is always in the individual, never in the general issue, was in consequence lacking. The history of the world since the war might have been very different had some great classic expressed its theme and the aspiration of the world, as Virgil did for the civil wars that changed the Republic of Rome into the Empire, and if it be unreasonable from one point of view to expect the war to produce its classics so soon, the reactions of the world are quicker than they were, and if the war was to produce its emollient of strife in some

piece of great classic literature one would expect to see some signs of it already.

Certainly the post-war world is in need of its gentle Virgil. The great solace of classical literature, and especially of that of Greece and Rome, is that it relieves the pain of waiting for the classic of our own days and of our own vernacular. The classical scholar has his consolations, denied to others, which are analogous to the joys of religion, for the one lives in the glow of an unseen dawn as the other in the afterglow from the past, and both have support in present trouble such as science cannot give. Whereas others are distracted by the passing phenomena of the day, they have a perspective to which they can refer the happenings of their own times, and with the sense of proportion that gives, comes hope, or at least a mellow tolerance. The old education in the literature of Greece and Rome made a freemasonry among our politicians which is passing from the world. The French Revolution might be terribly cruel in its incidents, but it was studded with the terminology, and even the mythology, of the ancient world, and on that account was more easily understood by the men of other countries than the completely unclassical Russian revolution can be to-day.

The Greek and Latin classics were a common idiom of thought among all civilized nations, and the truths of modern science are no adequate compensation for its slow disappearance. Moreover, while there may have been more violence of expression then, there was more essential tolerance in international controversy. The friendly relations of Fox and the opposition towards Napoleon would be frankly impossible in these days of triumphant democracy. For all the parties to political quarrel had been to the same school, talked the same idiom, and studied the same Greek and Latin classics. How could one talk the same trash, and believe it, that is habitually talked and believed by parties now, the people in which have never been to the same school, are drawn from different classes, and have received, not one education in the same classics, but each a different education, often in no other school than that of modern industrial experience? The decay of classical quotation in the House of Commons is naught in itself, but is significant of much. The most famous of all classical quotation in Parliament was made in one of Fox's slave trade debates, protracted till dawn, and as the morning light came from the east the orator quoted from the *Georgics*:

Nos ubi primus equis Oriens adflavit anhelis
Ilic sera rubens accedit lumina Vesper.

Few of the members present could have construed the passage, even if they had been quite sober, but as a symbol of the great freemasonry of the classics the quotation was the most effective of arguments.

The *lingua franca* of the classics survives in the Civil Service, which is still in its higher branches recruited from the men who have got their firsts in Classical Mods. and Greats, and the cohesion and tolerant breadth of the Service is in no small measure due to the fact. The test of a classic is that it brings to the top the essential truths of any subject with which it deals, and precipitates in sediment all the accidentals, and it is a test which

the major Greek and Latin classics satisfy all the better because they relate to events that happened when the world was a little younger, and when the issues were therefore simpler and clearer. It is only the unknown that men fear; to understand that the angels and hobgoblins of contemporary history are not now appearing for the first time, but have been with us for thousands of years, is to lose fear and unreason and to acquire a new tolerance.

The Classical Association is doing a great public service. May these studies never wholly fall out of fashion, for they make a brotherhood which robs political quarrels of their bitterness, and a match out of what without them might be no more than a disorderly scrum.

NORTHAMPTON

THE beginning of the fourth year of the Government's life, and immediately following the result of the Northampton election, is an appropriate moment for assessing the political situation. The first thing to remark is that from the Conservative point of view it is an extremely encouraging situation. Three years normally bring a considerable reaction against the Government in power, and this is especially to be expected when a Government has so huge and exceptional a parliamentary majority as the present one. What, in fact, do we find? Since the Government came into power there have been 35 by-elections; of these, Conservatives have won 19, Labour 12 and Liberals 4; Conservatives have lost 7 seats. That is not a sensational decline; it certainly affords no indication of an impending landslide.

The Northampton result is of particular interest, for this election was regarded as a "key" election; that is to say, one of which the result would indicate in a rough and ready form the relative strengths of the three parties in industrial constituencies. Admitting the unwisdom of attempting a general forecast based on a single by-election, or even on thirty or forty by-elections, it remains true that the results of Northampton and its predecessors are highly gratifying to the Government. At Northampton the Government lost, but only by a margin of 500 odd votes and solely through the intervention of a fudge Conservative candidate, whose tiny poll just sufficed to turn the scale in favour of the Labour man. Captain Renton had been expected locally to be a rather poor third; in the event he ran in an extremely good second. Labour increased its vote by 127, the Liberal by 148; the Government vote, if the "independent" minority be counted as Conservative and added to Captain Renton's, only dropped by 308. This is as much as to say there has been no change—a remarkable result in an industrial and a traditionally Radical constituency, at this stage of the Government's life.

If Labour, although they have won a seat, have little cause for jubilation at this result, Liberals must be seriously downcast. Where is that Great Liberal Revival of which so much was heard a few months since? It never existed. The Liberal gains at Southwark and Bosworth, which aroused such enthusiasm within the party

at the time, were largely due to exceptional circumstances. Liberals held high hopes of victory at Northampton; at the very least they expected to finish second on the list. They find themselves a disastrous third, and the fact has an obvious bearing on the probable course of the next General Election.

It shows, to begin with, that Liberalism stands a very poor chance in the average industrial constituency. There the fight is mainly one between Socialism and anti-Socialism. The non-Conservative artisan elector will vote almost solidly for Labour. Why should he vote for a Liberal, who offers him only what amounts to Advanced Toryism and whose creed is fundamentally as much opposed to Socialism as the Conservative's is? Or even were he to consider the Liberal likely to support Labour as an alternative Government, why should he not vote to get his own party man in, rather than to get in a man who would give his own party at best a qualified and uncertain support? These, briefly, are the reasons why Liberals cannot rationally hope for much success in industrial constituencies at present.

In the county constituencies the Liberals may possibly do well. Here they have the advantage of appealing to a rural electorate dissatisfied with the Government's agricultural policy and so far insufficiently attracted by the Labour programme. They may therefore look to the counties for some gains, and if a General Election were to be held to-morrow they might come back with some score or more seats over and above the number they now hold. But the failure of Liberalism to appeal to the constituencies as a whole must inevitably react against a Labour-Liberal compact. So long as Labour finds Liberalism weak it will recognize no advantage in agreeing to an arrangement by which the two parties could avoid cutting one another's throats. It therefore seems probable that at the next election the two parties of the Left will expend their energies in fighting each other and that the party of the Right will reap the benefit. One more defeat of this kind may bring them to their senses, and after that the Conservative Party must expect a relatively leaner time; but as things stand it seems likely that when the Government next go to the country they will come back with a further period of office before them.

Between now and the next General Election much may happen. There is the Budget, possibly two Budgets, to come, and nothing is of more importance, electorally speaking, than finance. But prospects at present, judging by the record of the Government and by the record of by-elections culminating in the result at Northampton, point unmistakably to a fulfilment of Mr. Baldwin's prophecy at Worcester last Saturday. "If I live," he said, "I will pledge myself to fight at the next Election, and I believe I shall win." We believe he will. The omens are good, and they point the emphatic moral that the Government should go to the country sooner rather than later. At the present time they have lost little or no prestige; in the nature of things they can hardly gain more, and may each day lose more. If Mr. Churchill can produce a palatable Budget, next autumn should prove the moment for a General Election.

MR. THOMAS HARDY

WITH the death of Mr. Thomas Hardy there disappears the very last of the great Victorians—and a writer who, not merely through persistent production to the close of his long life, was yet very much of to-day. We say these things only to qualify them. For if in date Mr. Hardy was a Victorian, he stood aloof from most of the major literary figures and movements of that period. An early novel of his was subjected to criticism by George Meredith, then "reading" for a publisher; other early work by him was fatuously supposed to proceed from George Eliot in a reversion to her first manner; he admired Swinburne from youth and corresponded with him in later years: not much more can be recorded of his contact with the chief writers of sixty years ago. And, for all the homage which he had in this century, after the obloquy excited by 'Jude the Obscure' in 1895, he was separated from us, in ways presently to be indicated. His physical isolation, in the Wessex of his novels, was fitting, and symbolized the loneliness of his mind. Whatever monument his fellow-countrymen as a whole may wish to add to that his own genius has made for an imperishable name, the most appropriate would be a cairn on the summit of some remote hill, the tribute of none but local piety.

Mr. Hardy was a great novelist because he was a poet. A poet, it must be added, with some serious limitations, revealed even more clearly in his novels than in his tardily issued volumes of verse. Superficially there was in his fiction not much of what is generally regarded as the poetical element. His plots, in certain instances at least, were remarkable for something the very reverse of poetical, a calculated, mechanical pressure of adverse circumstances on the characters. That deliberate weighting of the dice against his luckless persons, evident also in some of the over-contrived ironies of fate in his poems, was not in the spirit of the poet. In his actual writing, too, in prose there were often phrases drawn from the very last source to which a poet would turn—the vocabulary of abstract pessimism. He could use the wrong word with equanimity, and there comes up in us a vague, shuddering recollection of a crucial passage in which hero and heroine lamented damage to the "periphery" of their life together. So in the verse which he put out from 1898 there was often something recalcitrant to metre and hostile to the emotional atmosphere of the particular poem. But, as a writer of fiction, Mr. Hardy was a poet because he saw human life against the background of nature, conceived of as something much more significant than so much *décor*, and because he saw human beings as actuated, not by the petty social motives valued by most of the Victorians, or the conventional ethical aspirations valued by the rest of them, or by the neurotic fads valued now, but by the primary and never to be eliminated passions. It was the poet in him that raised him above the limitations of a largely Victorian pessimism, gave largeness to his characters, something unforcedly epic to the tragic stories, a humour deep-rooted in the earth to his rural comedy.

Among his novels the world has chosen as it nearly always chooses among the works of a great writer during his life-time. Earliness as well as immaturity told against his initial novels; the public needs time to recognize a new force. But the book in which it does recognize that force is apt to continue its favourite, and we believe that even now, or until quite lately, 'Far from the Madding Crowd' was the most generally esteemed of all his novels. It would be churlish to grudge so admirable a book any of the

good fortune that may have befallen it, but how can it be pretended that the genius which produced 'The Return of the Native,' in some important respects the finest novel in the language, 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles,' and 'Jude the Obscure' gave anything like its full measure in 'Far from the Madding Crowd'? As Mr. Hardy progressed, the distance between him and the bulk of his public increased. With 'Jude the Obscure' the patrons of the circulating libraries felt it time to make a final stand. The book is probably the least prejudiced presentation of sex relations ever written in English, and it was found obscene, as if it did not in every chapter carry its own antiseptic with it. It is also, but this was forgotten in the moral uproar, of a singular pathos as the story of a poor man's aspiration towards scholarship. That it has some rather serious defects, as has 'Tess,' in the overworking of circumstantial irony, is true, but it was not for any aesthetic reason that the public forced Mr. Hardy to abandon the writing of novels.

What followed was received by the few thousands who care for literature at first with something like enthusiasm, latterly with a respect which did not conceal some discomfort. The first volumes of verse, drawn in part from early compositions, contained much that could not fail to give pleasure. With rustic comedies and tragedies reminiscent of some of the best things in the novels, there were lyrics which, despite an awkward phrase or so, really sang themselves. But Mr. Hardy, full of melancholy pleasure in the recovery of his gift for song, became an incessant producer of verse; and though to the strength that was always his he began to add skill, he had no such natural mastery of the instrument of verse, perfected by a life-time of devotion to it, as would enable a poet to produce safely on that scale. Moreover, his mind was set, and the effect through a great deal of the latest verse was one of monotony, of an obstinate refusal to recognize whatever of silver might lie in the rather mechanically-accumulated and persistently lowering clouds under which the old poet walked his countryside, meditating and remembering. It was not merely the euphoric and the obtuse who occasionally recoiled from the theory that the negation of "God's in His heaven, All's right with the world" was the chief foundation of poetry. But there were many incidental compensations, including that beautiful and nobly tempered lyric in which the pessimist declared himself ready to praise whatever of beauty and happiness a world unpurposed and ailing from its prime foundation might offer, "and laud the lips not meant for mine." More surprisingly, in the earlier and the later verses alike, there were certain small, perfect successes in poetical epigram, as in the lines on the comet, in those on the initials written on a poet's page, deprived of the glory that once illuminated them while the page keeps its radiance. And there was 'The Dynasts,' a stupendous thing, awkward and laboured in many places, but in reach and energy and fundamental brainwork far surpassing anything produced in dramatic form since 'Bothwell'—a thing to which we may well apply what Leigh Hunt not very happily said of 'Hyperion,' that to encounter it was like coming on the skeleton of a mastodon in the wilderness.

Though Mr. Hardy nominally held certain literary positions and certain academic distinctions, he was too aloof to be the working head of any organization or body concerned for letters, and in criticism he indulged not at all. But his death leaves English imaginative literature without any universally acknowledged or even any potential chief. A recognized chief may indeed be an instrument of paralysis, as Tennyson unintentionally was for many years. Yet we must feel regret at the prospect of a leaderless literature Dictatorship, as by a Ben Jonson, a Dryden, a Samuel

Johnson, or even within such narrower limits, as those in which the word of Rossetti was law, is neither desirable nor possible. But that there should be living some master in whom the higher ideals of literature seem to be embodied, and who in some degree represents the great past without belonging wholly to another day, that is surely a wholesome and perhaps a necessary thing. We shall be told to console ourselves with the thought that, if the man is gone, his work endures. But a reaction against it is very probable. Where Mr. Hardy's reputation will stand ten years hence we should not like to predict. What we may be confident about is that, when reaction has spent itself, the main part of his work will be seen to be builded on rock. The fundamentals of character, the primary passions, the unchanging relations between man and the soil his industry stirs till he becomes quiet in it: such were his materials, and the books his lonely, brooding and powerful mind made out of them, in obedience to an essentially poetic vision, will not pass away.

HOOVER v. SMITH

BY ERNEST DIMNET

Washington, January, 1928

THESE two names at present are the only ones to lend some clarity to the coming Presidential Election, a procedure during which the effort of all concerned is to create complication while preserving the appearance of perfect definiteness.

Mr. Hoover is not magnetic. He is even less so than President Coolidge, who, at all events, possesses the attraction of mystery. He has no animation, no capacity for terse expression, no voice, not one of the qualities which appeal to crowds in the *malli* of democracy. He is periodically accused of being a semi-foreigner, on account of having been an expatriate, a word which sounds more damnatory than any other to American ears. But he has a greater name than any of the Republican candidates, a higher war record, no political implications—since he might have succeeded President Wilson on the Democratic as well as on the Republican nomination—and he is known to represent, not Wall Street proper, but the water-power interests, which still seem less obnoxious as being nearer to nature. His backers say, with forcible moderation: "At last America would be guided by a brain!" and in the meantime they have arranged for him to conduct his campaign over the radio, a capital move.

Over against him Mr. Al. Smith appears exceptionally brilliant, for he can think, he can talk, he is an incomparable "mixer," his popularity has not been paralleled by any candidate in many elections and his attitude as a Roman Catholic and as an anti-Prohibitionist is so unambiguous that it gives a sort of satisfaction even to his opponents. Five or six months ago Mr. Al. Smith stated his religious position in a longish document which was described in Europe as falling under the anathema of Pius IX's *syllabus*. But American non-Catholics liked it, while American Catholics were not displeased by it, the *syllabus* of Pius IX being one of those capitularies ignorance of which is good-humouredly explained by the all-covering statement, "We are so young." Since then a newspaper may occasionally, as in the Christmas issue of the *Washington Post*, use the caption "Religious Issue Chief Objection to Smith," but this objection is never exploited as it would have been thirty years ago. Remember that an American election passes through two stages which it takes not a little experience to consider independently:

nomination and then election. The issue at present is not between the Republicans and the Democrats but inside these two parties. Should the Democrats in the Southern States be over-anxious to take exception to Al. Smith's Catholicism they would be promptly reminded by their leaders that such an attitude would mean the discontent of the Irish who have long ceased to be described as merely a "solid mass," but are well known to occupy innumerable points of vantage throughout the country.

As an anti-Prohibitionist, Mr. Al. Smith's record is also perfectly clear. Four years ago he took an active part in the repeal of the Enforcement Act in New York State on the plea—appealing to every sensible person in the United States—"that the definition of an intoxicating beverage contained in the Volstead Act is not an honest or a common-sense one." Again, in 1926, he promoted the referendum on a modification of the Volstead Act which gave almost a two million votes majority to the opponents of Prohibition as at present enforced, and he publicly voted with the majority.

The issue on Prohibition, as well as the Catholicism of Mr. Smith, is already passing into the political stage inevitable in every election. That is to say, hundreds of influential men whose interests, material or spiritual, are to be affected by the nomination or the election of the Governor of New York begin to view him as the representative of those interests and not as the representative of Liberalism, either in religion or in temperance. Each week will add to the confusion caused by this substitution, yet it seems inevitable that the word "Wet" will be attached to Mr. Al. Smith till his possible nomination in June or his possible election in November. He will, no doubt, try to look less "wet" than he has been regarded so far, but whatever the statement to which he finally resigns himself before the Democratic Convention, he will have to abide by that statement to the end, and if he is elected President, this declaration will be constantly thrown up at him if he seems to deviate from it in any particular.

What will he do? Possibly he will promise to do what the country wishes him to do, a formula to which his purely political friends will no doubt try to reconcile him without much delay. This might mean that he would do as a "Wet" president what Mr. Coolidge is now doing as a "Dry," or what the Catholic party in power in Belgium for forty years has been doing with respect to education, i.e., the minimum of what they have theoretically pledged themselves to do.

It would not be a very dignified way out of a political difficulty into the White House, and Mr. Al. Smith may not condescend to prefer it. If so he will be compelled to stand on a platform already clearly indicated in his 1923 declaration, viz., "Each State would be left free to determine for itself what should constitute an intoxicating beverage." The immediate consequence of such a departure would be the drawing up of a list of "Dry" States and a list of "Wet" States. Another logical consequence might be that the Federal resources now scattered over "Wet" as well as "Dry" States towards enforcement of Prohibition, should henceforth be concentrated on the "Dry" States. This would appeal to the spirit, still alive in America, of the days when it was customary to say: "The United States are . . ." and not "The United States is . . ." But fanaticism may be stronger than what is left of Jeffersonianism. The "Drys" are dry, not because they are dry, but because they want the "Wets" to be dry too. I remember a doggerel casually heard in the city of Saint Paul:

A thousand Jews in Minnesota
Provide for the needs
Of a million Swedes
Who all voted for prohibition.

A HAPPY LEGEND

BY GERALD GOULD

DR. JOHNSON is certainly the best character in English fiction. But when I say "best," I refer to the biographer's virtuosity, not to the subject's virtue. Falstaff is the best comic character in drama; and, though I would rather welcome Falstaff in my home than Dr. Johnson, I do not consider that he was, strictly speaking, a good man. He is good, not in character, but as a character: he is good because Shakespeare was great. And in exactly the same sense Johnson owes his goodness to the greatness of Boswell.

How the relative merits of Boswell and Johnson could ever have come into discussion is one of the curiosities of literature. There can surely be no serious comparison. Boswell was a man of very great genius; Johnson was not. Boswell wrote one of the acknowledged masterpieces of all time, a book that, like 'Hamlet,' and 'David Copperfield,' will continue to hold children from play and old men from the chimney-corner so long as children and old men can read the English language. Johnson never, so far as I have been able to discover, wrote anything which anybody could be much the better for reading or much the worse for leaving unread. And in fact, apart from literary enthusiasts and college students, very few people appear to read him at all.

I know that this will sound blasphemy to many so much wiser and better read than myself that I should be sorry to contradict them. I have, Heaven knows, little enough desire to tread upon their corns. I should prefer to provoke neither controversy nor controversialists. But I do wonder in all humility and sincerity, what work of Johnson's the Johnsonians can exalt to the first rank. Is it the poems, so singularly unpoetical? Or 'Rasselas,' amusing in a few places but nowhere profound? Or the 'Lives of the Poets,' marred by judgments so silly and ill-tempered that one has to avert one's face from them in shame? Or the 'Rambler'—but how many 'Rambler' papers on end can the stoutest Johnsonian really manage? The letter to Lord Chesterfield is certainly in a different class. There is dignity there, and style, and hard hitting. But even so? Compare the range of satire and pathos achieved in another 'Letter to a Noble Lord'! If we were to read the letter to Lord Chesterfield on its own merits, instead of under the artful aid of Boswell's adulation, I doubt whether we should grant it heroic value. Assuredly we should not erect upon it, as from one toe, the whole statue of a literary hero.

The Johnsonians, however, have another line of defence. All of them, I suppose, would admit that no single work of Johnson's achieves the same artistic success, or stands the same chance of immortality, as Boswell's masterpiece. But the greatness, they say, lies in the man. And I humbly suggest (without forgetting the existence of corroborative evidence) that precisely the picture of the great man is what we owe to Boswell. It would be a long task, and will never

be undertaken by me, to disentangle the actual doings and sayings of Johnson from the Boswellian atmosphere in which they are presented: that hypnotic atmosphere of expectation and acceptance which, as every conjuror knows, diverts the audience from the exact performance. The 'Life' is, of course, a miracle of artistic unity: it is constructed like a symphony, every part reinforcing as well as elaborating the whole: the close is superb, the recollection terrific. But disturb the unity—select this passage or that for random reading—and it is surprising how often you will come upon judgments that lack judgment, and witticisms that lack wit.

Mr. Robert Lynd, in his fascinating study 'Dr. Johnson and Company,' gives a list of the faults which might have made Johnson "avoided by his fellow-men": he does it for the cumulative effect which he can attain by over-riding the monstrous list—by recalling that, conspicuously, Johnson was *not* avoided by his fellow-men. But the list itself clamours for analysis. "Poor, repulsively ugly, uncouth, with disgusting table-manners, surly, irascible, a bully, intolerant, dirty, slovenly and ridiculous in dress, eccentric, unhealthy, morbid and gloomy, haunted by a bad conscience, tormented by the fear of insanity and death." It sounds overwhelming. But it isn't. To begin with, I doubt whether "repulsively ugly" is a legitimate phrase. One can be ugly, or repulsive, or (unfortunately) both; but I doubt whether the repulsiveness is in the last case due to the ugliness. At any rate, ugliness is (fortunately) not a quality for which one is avoided by one's fellow-men. Nor, except among snobs, is poverty, or uncouthness, or slovenliness and ridiculousness in dress. Nor again is eccentricity, except of certain kinds; nor unhealthiness; nor morbidity; nor bad conscience, nor the fear of insanity and death. The list, you see, has dwindled by more than half. There are left dirtiness and disgusting table-manners—which, though even in the eighteenth century they were remarked, cannot in that age have been very remarkable. There are left, too, certain grave moral defects. Johnson was "surly, irascible, a bully, intolerant." (He was also, though the list omits it, a snob.) One of these faults alone is enough for me. Dr. Johnson was a bully. He was brutally and coarsely rude to people who were afraid to answer him back. I cannot like such a one.

Nor, I believe, in real life, would Mr. Lynd like him. He would not be repelled by poverty or uncouthness or morbidity or eccentricity; but I fancy his stomach would turn if he heard Dr. Johnson demolishing a modest admirer. Mr. Lynd is not a critic from whom one differs without diffidence; but I have a theory of the admiration accorded by him and other notable and noble Johnsonians to the Doctor's memory; and, diffidently enough, I air it here.

I venture to suggest that the legendary Johnson fits into a gap which Boswell, with prophetic genius, filled. There exists a will to believe—to believe in a typical eighteenth-century Englishman: manly, independent, humorous, commonsensical and *great*. He must have faults, of course; and, in a sense, the grosser the faults the better, since so he will come down to our common

level. But each fault must be over-ridden by a corresponding virtue, so that the hagiolatry may proceed. Into forgiving Dr. Johnson these latter-day admirers pour the richness and fullness of their own natures: he shines generous with their generosity, wise with their wisdom, ideal with their ideals. My own narrower nature lacks the glow. I think the evidence is more in the impression than in the facts. And to what do we owe the impression, save to the invention of Boswell? Let it be granted, however, that the legendary Johnson serves an excellent purpose. If he had not been invented, it would have been necessary for him to exist.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- 1** The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
2 Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

THE PRAYER BOOK

SIR,—Judging by what has been said since, it looks as if the Church of England and not the State carried off the honours in the debate in Parliament on the new Prayer Book. The Church has shown reforming zeal: the State reaction.

I should like answers to two questions: (1) Why, in proposing a new Prayer Book, should the Church not make it completely supersede the old instead of having alternative books? (2) To preserve the distinctiveness of the Church of England is it necessary to insult any other Christian Communion?

An outsider in a detached position feels that the grounds stated by way of opposition to the new book were all matters domestic to the Church of England. The question of alternative books, with which Lord Carson made much irrelevant play, does not touch any principle. But points of expediency have been urged as points of principle, and one set of extremists has thereby gained a temporary advantage.

It does not seem to be appreciated by many disputants that the recent controversy involves a much wider question than the mere framing of a new Prayer Book: namely, the reunion of Christendom. The weakness of Protestantism is the multiplicity of its denominations. If the reunion of Christendom is nothing more than a piece of pious optimism—an ideal confessedly unattainable in the future—then there is no object in striving to find—in concert with the enlightened minds of other Communions—essential points of agreement and difference. If reunion be possible, then such striving is necessary and the up-to-dateness of the formulae of the Church of England is a highly important matter in this connexion. True, it may be contended that when freedom is extended, variety is promoted. It is not fashionable to entertain unquestioning respect for authority and tradition. But authority and tradition—in Church or State—have their place. The problem is to devise means and ordinances and such variations therein as may prevent liberty degenerating into licence and authority into despotism.

The question to which the opponents of the new Prayer Book have to direct their attention is whether they are looking in the right quarter for menaces to Protestantism. Do they accurately distinguish between the Catholic and the Puritan standpoints? And is there no superstition or idolatry among people professedly Protestant? The open-minded Protestant who is heard praising the work of a Roman Catholic, or who may hang a crucifix on his study wall, is too readily suspected as an erring brother. Over eighty

years ago Mr. Gladstone spoke of the necessity for progressive adaptations of the Church of England to her enlarging exigencies. These, he pointed out, depended upon the humour of the State; and the State could not and would not be in good humour with her if she insisted upon its being in bad humour with all other communions. Nothing, in his view, did so much damage to religion as the obstinate adherence to a negative, repressive and coercive course. Conversely, when the State sees the Church making a sincere effort towards progressive adaptation without sacrifice of principle, it ought to help and not hinder. When the Israelite King smashed up the old brazen serpent, he was giving his people a lesson in progressive adaptation.

I think it was Earl Balfour who once said that he could conceive of an admirable Ecclesiastical Corporation which united in itself Episcopalian ritual and Presbyterian government. Here one might find a suggestion for a step towards further union. But prejudices are still strong.

I am, etc.,

J. LESLIE MACCALLUM

Oakleigh, Boswall Road, Leith

SIR,—There is no denying the fact that there is a Romanizing party in the Church of England for whom nothing is "correct" unless it be copied from the Roman Church of to-day; and modern at that. But this section consists of a comparatively small number of extremists whom it would be more accurate to designate "Italianizers."

On the other hand, it should be more generally known that there exists an increasing group of English Churchmen, led by expert liturgiologists of acknowledged erudition, whose object is loyalty to the tradition, ritual and ceremonial of the historic Church of this country.

This group of scholars seldom, if ever, receives any notice in the daily Press; so perhaps I may be permitted to say that it is well represented by the Alcuin Club, which was formed to encourage the practical study of liturgiology and ceremonial in accordance with the rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer.

I am, etc.,

A. G. SOWERSBY

Ross, Herefordshire

SIR,—"Clearly there is plenty of malleable material for religious leadership to get to work on"—so you say in "Notes of the Week" in your issue for December 24. Nothing truer could have been said. I have spent my priesthood between the Tyne and the Tropics, and everywhere I have touched I find the same pathetic feeling out for clear spiritual guidance on the part of the laity. I am now in a provincial city of parts, where the conventional response to the religious appeal is great, but the clearest thing about it is that it is a response which is not satisfied by conventional feeling, and which, when it is supplied, has the tendency to repel. I have too great a sense of honesty and loyalty to my class to suggest that priests are not doing their best—far from it—but I do not hesitate to say that their best, as a class, is not up to the leadership demanded—the led are relatively above their leaders.

It may be that the dead hand of the Evangelical Trusts—which are rife in their influence about here—is one of the causes of the merely defensive apologetic so commonly heard, but whatever the cause is the fact is clear. London, on the other hand, I regard as being a wilderness in religion, but well led—that is, for the age we live in.

I am, etc.,

"OBSERVER"

MR. BELLOC ON LAWYERS

SIR,—“The diary is useful in defeating the attempts of lawyers to condemn innocent men to death—or lesser penalties.” So writes Mr. Belloc in the SATURDAY REVIEW of January 7.

It is time that someone, however obscure, called Mr. Belloc to account for the false and cowardly accusation these words imply. It may be supposed by some (since Mr. Belloc is so fond of making this or similar accusations against the legal profession) that he believes it to be true. But does he? Does he really believe that there is a single lawyer in this country who attempts to condemn innocent men to death—or lesser penalties? If he does, I tell him that he believes a lie. If he does not, he has no right, and he must know that he has no right, to make it. His dislike for a profession, at least as honourable as his own, does not justify his descent to the gutter whenever he refers to it.

I am, etc.,
“BARRISTER”

ANGLO-RUSSIAN RELATIONS

SIR,—The letter of your correspondent, Mr. Dennis Vane, is the most sensible I have read on the vexed question of the Soviet in relation to debts and confiscations. I know two people who have a mild financial interest in the settlement of this question: one has been philosophical, the other has been rabidly anti-Soviet, but Mr. Vane’s letter has proved even to him that there is, perhaps, another, a Russian, point of view.

Mr. Vane very properly draws attention to the “legal aspect” of the matter as expressed at Geneva recently by Sir Austen Chamberlain and by international jurists, in regard to the Hungaro-Rumanian dispute about land confiscation: “a country cannot be called upon to grant to foreigners in its territory more favoured terms than it grants to its own nationals.” In Russia most big native concerns have been taken over without compensation by the Soviet, which has thus financially treated the owners in much the same way as did, I believe, the U.S.A. Government when it closed down the American breweries and distilleries. But the Association of British Creditors of Russia and their friends have been demanding, as of right, to be treated on Russian territory differently from Russian nationals.

As one who followed the course of the Russian Revolution with a detached outlook and as closely as the rise of Mussolini (in the years when nobody was paying attention to him), may I be allowed to reinforce Mr. Vane’s argument? During and after the Great War we, and the Allies generally, confiscated German property without compensation all over the world, leaving it in many cases to the dispossessed German nationals to obtain indemnification from their own Government—e.g., in regard to the German “river shipping” taken over, indemnification is specifically mentioned in Article 339 of the Versailles Treaty. Germany was defeated in the war and, as the Versailles Treaty shows, the vanquished in a war have no “rights” as against the victors. In our war, the Allies’ war, against Soviet Russia, we were defeated, and such being the case why should we expect not to suffer the consequences of defeat?

Against the Soviet in 1918 on the Volga front we used mainly the Czechoslovak legions and in North Russia mostly British troops. The official story was that we were building up a front against the Germans. This was always a very odd story, because (1) the German front was 1,000 miles away westwards; (2) we attacked Central and North Russia where there were no Germans, while leaving severely alone South Russia and Ukraine, where the Germans and Austrians were in full occupation, and where after the collapse of the Central Empires we actually supported with Allied troops and warships pro-Germans like Skor-

padsky, who had been set up as *Hetman* by the Austro-Germans.

In conclusion a word about our support in 1919 of the counter-revolutionary leaders, General Denikin, etc. Despite what Dr. Arthur Shadwell says in his book, ‘The Breakdown of Socialism,’ our support of these Russian militarists cannot be justified on any “democratic principle”—whatever that means—but only on the grounds that we should support people likely to maintain inviolate our economic interests on Russian territory—a reason never likely to be admitted publicly. But even here our diehard “moral” position is insecure, especially when we are considering Russian debts and “restitution.”

In the Soviet acceptance of the invitation in January, 1919, to President Wilson’s Prinkipo Conference (abandoned later) economic accommodation with the Entente Powers was suggested: this at a time when Lord Northcliffe’s powerful Press was recommending that approaches be made to the Soviet. Owing to the censorship very little appeared in the European Press about this Soviet acceptance, but this is how it was set out in the *New York Times*—the leading American journal—of February 7, 1919:

The Russian Soviet Government, in a wireless message to the Entente Governments announcing that it is willing to begin conversations with the object of bringing about a cessation of military activities, declares it is willing to acknowledge financial obligations regarding the creditors of Russia of Entente nationality. Moreover it offers to guarantee the payment of interest on its debts by means of stipulated quantities of raw materials, and to place concessions in mines, forests, etc., at the disposal of Entente citizens, provided the social and economic order of the Soviet Government is not affected. . . . The extent to which the Soviet is prepared to meet the Entente will depend on its military position in relation to the Entente, and it must be emphasized that its position improves every day. . . .

The Soviet terms included also recognition of all the *de facto* Governments then existing on Russian territory, such as those of Koltchak, Denikin, etc. Instead of conversations on these terms, however, with the Soviet Government, we sent troops, guns, munitions, aeroplanes and other support throughout 1919 to these anti-Soviet commanders; but in spite of all, the Soviet and the Russian people won through. We can scarcely expect “conversations” to be now on exactly the old basis.

I am, etc.,
J. C. MACGREGOR

P’s AND Q’s

SIR,—I shall be obliged if you will tell me if:

To ply the slighted shepherd’s homely trade,
Or [to] strictly meditate the thankless muse,
is considered to have a split infinitive, and if so, where it lacks in expressiveness or euphony. E. A. S.

SONNET

BY VIOLA GERARD

IF I was sad, think only that a thought
Brushed me a moment, from the raven wing
Of that dim prince, who holds his ebon court
Where Proserpine grows old, remembering:
If I was sad, think that a careless cloud
Trailing companion shadows on the green,
Cooled the clear sun, and for a space allowed
Darkness to be where radiance had been.

It was not sorrow blew; so light a wind
Could not shake down the apples from the trees
Which love, the gardener, planted in my mind
To bear me harvest of Hesperides,
It was not sorrow—but a little pride
That flickered suddenly, before it died.

ART

THE IVEAGH COLLECTION

By J. B. MANSON

THE Iveagh Collection is really an English Collection: out of sixty-three pictures, it contains fifteen paintings by Reynolds, eight by Gainsborough, ten by Romney, and seven paintings by other English artists. It cannot truly be described, as one gifted and charming critic has described it, as "a limited survey of Northern Art since the Renaissance," but it does rather handsomely represent the English portrait painting in the eighteenth century and, incidentally, a limited section of English society in that period. It has some interest in provoking a comparison of the work of the masters of what is accepted, in Bond Street as elsewhere, as being the great period of English painting with the work of more modern masters. It is safe to say that there is nothing in this collection, or in that period, which could compare favourably with the work of such masters as Degas, for example. The point of view is fundamentally different.

It was an artificial age. Attractiveness, not truth, was demanded. Psychology, with all its attendant evils, had not been invented. The great ones of society passed for what they wished to be, and the painters, capable or otherwise, refrained from holding up the mirror to truth. Truth, indeed, was indecent. If it dwelt in a well it was proper that it should stay there. With such restrictions one could not expect an artist to be anything but superficial. To be great an artist must be unfettered and unashamed.

The great Sir Joshua—so called, perhaps, because the adjective goes well with Joshua—is represented in varying styles and modes. Reynolds went nearer even than Sargent to making portrait-painting into a manufactory. He had a waiting list of sitters; like other busy painters of the period he employed van Haaken to put in draperies, and, no doubt, worse or better painters to do other jobs. Artistic inspiration comes shyly in the best of circumstances and still more rarely in such conditions. Nevertheless, Sir Joshua comes out rather well from the ordeal. He proves himself not only a very capable painter (who took liberties with his technique which he would sternly have condemned in anyone else) but an artist of real and rather charming feeling. He longed, as they all longed, with the exception of Gainsborough, to paint in the "grand" style, but fortunately he did not often have the opportunity. He was always, or nearly always, accomplished. He could be pretty, as in 'Mrs. Smith and Niece,' or frankly pedestrian, as in the 'Portrait of the Painter.' He could be sweetly silly, as in 'Venus Chiding Cupid for Learning to Cast Accounts,' or merely banal as in 'The Infant Academy.' Invariably, he was guilty of imagining that cleverness of handling took the place of depth of feeling, which is the besetting sin of most English painting.

There is a difference, too, in cleverness of handling, which is rather eloquently demonstrated by a comparison of the cleverness of the English masters with that of Rembrandt in the 'Portrait of the Painter.' With Rembrandt, the cleverness—and how clever it is—is significant and expressive of some fact, felt and observed; but with Reynolds, and this applies often to Gainsborough—Romney was seldom very clever—it is cleverness for its own sake and too impatient to wait on feeling. There was always the next sitter on the list! But Reynolds was really a better artist than he ever allowed himself to be. He varies considerably as a colourist; 'Lady Diana Beauclerk' is charming in colour, and not at all in the brown manner that one associates with his work.

There is nothing in the art of the period, or since, possibly, so lovely as the head of the child on the right in the picture of 'Venus Chiding Cupid,' or as the attitude of Cupid himself. Reynolds seemed to have a special feeling for the innocent beauty of childhood which has not been surpassed by any other painter. In his case a charming artist was sacrificed to a successful portrait painter.

I have always considered Gainsborough a greater artist than Reynolds, but the Iveagh Collection almost makes me change my opinion. In it the delightful Tom, though as charming as ever, seems a little superficial. Possibly it is due to his lightness of touch; perhaps to his, at some moments, too obvious cleverness. He seldom failed to be brilliant; even in the portrait of 'George IV when Prince of Wales' he is delightful, and gives a really fine study of a character that was more stupid than inspiring. In his portraits of 'Lady Brisco' and 'Miss Brummell,' only sister of Beau Brummell, he sacrifices integrity to a loose freedom of handling. The music of his colouring, which was always harmonious (he seems, like the French Impressionists, to have discarded *earthy* colours), is seen to perfection in 'Mary, Countess Howe.' 'Going to Market,' the only example of his landscape work in the collection, will receive much praise for its light, feathery touch, and because it has the appearance of such ease; but would anyone pretend that the subject meant very much to the painter? It is a trifle, light as air. In painting the unusual picture of 'Two Shepherd Boys with Dogs Fighting' we know that he enjoyed himself. It is a remarkably vigorous picture, with a passage of human interest in the incident of the boy whose dog is getting the worst of it, trying to stop the fight while he is restrained by the other boy. This was in the Academy of 1783. Gainsborough's threat to reverse the subject and paint the boys fighting with the dogs looking on, was never, I think, carried out.

I should like to dismiss Romney without a word, for he so seldom gave of his best. That he was a fine portrait painter is proved by the 'Beaumont Family' in the National Gallery, but he seldom attained that level. He was often charming in a vague and insignificant way. His portrait of 'Mrs. Crouch' is very poor; it is a mere description. In this collection Romney saves his reputation with 'The Countess of Albemarle and her Son,' but 'The Spinstress,' one of his misrepresentations of Lady Hamilton, is heavy and dull, even though its faults are intensified by layers of dirt. There is a very pretty Raeburn, 'Sir George Sinclair,' and a passably plausible Hoppner, 'Mrs. Jordan as Rosalind.'

Lord Iveagh had a fondness for eighteenth-century portraits, but he included one or two landscapes: an early Turner, 'Fishermen on a Lee Shore,' of the Calais Pier period, which is a sound painting, vigorously drawn, and fine in colouring, and a picture attributed to John Crome, 'A Yarmouth Water Frolic.' It is fairly obvious that this is not entirely the work of the great Norwich master. Some passages, particularly on the right, seem to be by his hand. It was probably finished by his son, John Bernay Crome, who exhibited it at Norwich in 1821.

The collection is so English in feeling that Lord Iveagh's excursions into foreign art appear to have been very casual. Fortunately they resulted in the acquisition of two fine Rembrandts: the 'Portrait of a Woman'—a lovely, sensitive head, painted in 1624—and the 'Portrait of the Painter,' belonging to the last wonderful period about 1663. It has the feeling of a ripe maturity. It is the expression of a lifetime of suffering and experience, with a cleverness of handling that is both subtle and entirely significant. There are some "furniture" pieces by Boucher, some elegant trifles by Pater, which help to fill gaps in the National Collection, and a few examples of Dutch competence seldom rising above a refined mediocrity.

THE THEATRE

ZERO AND ZERO-WORSHIP

BY IVOR BROWN

The Adding Machine. By Elmer Rice. The Court Theatre.

WHEN I listen to the period music imposed upon the surface of Elizabethan revivals, I sometimes wonder whether the Elizabethans did really possess only one tune. Similarly, when I am called to an Expressionist play, I wonder whether there is anywhere a variation on the Expressionist play. That this play should have happened was inevitable and that it should have happened in the stark and strident manner was equally natural. The theatre, as has frequently been pointed out, is a conservative institution and therefore unpunctual in its observance of artistic vogues. "Always forty years behind the time," was Mr. Shaw's verdict. In the matter of Expressionism, which is the dramatic parallel to Post-Impressionism, the degree of lateness is rather less. The cult of the cube was being observed in the advanced studios only twenty years before it found its way into the theatres of Central Europe. England, of course, admitted the religion of rhombus and rhomboid only after a further interval, but geometrical scene-painting appears to have reached Birmingham at last, and *décor*, as presented by Mr. Hugh Owen, can now assert itself in all its modern glory as a succession of inebriated pyramids.

The Post-Impressionists were practitioners of the abstract; no vulgar sense-impressions were to impede the action of their powerful mental engines. So they proceeded to force the world into Euclidean aspect, since nothing can be more abstract and less contaminated by sense than the principles of geometry. Amid their rectangular revels they painted their states of mind from which such bourgeois concepts as beauty had been scrupulously exiled. The Expressionist dramatists followed in their wake. They abolished the actual and pursued the abstract. There were to be no men and women in their plays because that would be called photographic realism; there was to be nothing so vulgar and Victorian as flesh and blood. What they dramatized was the type, The Clerk, The Engineer, The Capitalist, Mr. Zero, Mr. One, Mr. Two and so on. The types were not to speak, as the old discredited characters spoke, in terms of probable human dialogue, but to reveal their states of mind and take no notice of the other characters. The whole affair was to be abstract with a Euclidean purity, but it need not rely on pure reason alone. The proposition of the dramatist could be emphasized by the producer, with his mathematical back-cloths, his drilling of the Robot actor, and what is proudly called his "stylization" of the performance.

The method had support from circumstance. It expressed the chaos of Europe after the war, in which the individual found himself the victim of colossal social forces. He was reduced to Zero. Furthermore the method could be employed to satirize industrialism with its flattening violence and its destruction of personality and human difference. The Expressionists, of course, were not saying anything new. Miss Elizabeth Baker in her quietly realistic play 'Chains' had said of the clerk what Mr. Rice says with all the mechanical tricks of the geometrical stage-craft in 'The Adding Machine.' Moreover the Expressionists always seem to say the same thing. Take Kaiser's 'From Morn to Midnight,' Toller's 'Masses and Man,' Connelly and Kaufman's 'Beggar on Horseback,' and 'The

'Adding Machine,' and the resulting information is merely that the trend of modern society is to crush the individual, to standardize, to mechanize, and to oppress. For those who have not observed this for themselves I suppose the news is remarkable. What is strange and interesting about the world to-day is that the mass enjoys, or at least does not resent, the standardizing and flattening process. The Labour Movement, which is supposed to be in revolt against industrialism, has no remedy but a more intense flattening and standardization. If there ever was a force which reduced John Smith to Mr. Zero it is Trade Unionism, as conceived by the average Trade Union official. The Expressionists present Mr. Zero as a picture of misery, whereas anyone who looks around him sees that Mr. Zero is not greatly troubled by a monotonous or mechanical occupation and is quite content with the various forms of recreation provided by modern conditions. The real pictures of misery are the exceptional people. If you wish to find a collection of superlatively glum faces and suicidal types, you had better avoid cinemas and football-grounds and pubs and race-tracks and other resorts of Mr. Zero in his hours of ease. Go rather to the vestibule of the restaurant in which the members of P.U.F.F. Club are assembling for a literary dinner in order to welcome the latest Expressionist Master from Przlo. There, amid the Great Personalities unbroken by labour at the ledger, is your true temple of distress. If the dramatist takes a particular ledger-clerk and reveals his agony, nobody need complain. Of course there are some distressful clerks. But if, like the Expressionists, he generalizes and reduces clerkdom to a Zero-type, and then says "Here is Misery," I insist that he is simply lying. Suffering is the stock-in-trade of artists and the prerequisite of exceptional and sensitive people. I would wager that the Expressionist author is always a far more wretched creature than Miss Zero who types his plays.

But let that pass. There was another circumstance which assisted Expressionism. Its arrival synchronized with the growing sovereignty of the producer in the European theatre and in the Expressionist play production is three-quarters of the battle. The job of the producer is to keep emphasizing the abstractness, the mechanization, and the impersonality of the characters. The setting must be stark and the acting must agree with it. Central European producers have discovered formulae for thus dehumanizing the art of presentation and they can stage a night-mare effectively. But the trick is not commonly understood in this country. Mr. Peter Godfrey's direction of 'From Morn to Midnight' and the Ant Scene in Mr. Playfair's direction of the Capek's 'Insect Play' were, however, cleverly done. With the exception of Mr. Claud Rains (now in America) we have no actor who can sustain a long part in the Expressionist manner. The player who is going to fit into a geometrical background must throw aside everything he has learned in our academies and on our stage. To ask the ordinary English actor to play Mr. Zero as an abstraction in front of some crazy triangles is like asking Sir Frank Dicksee to paint 'Sunset in the Surrey Highlands' as a riot of rhomboids.

Sir Barry Jackson has opened his new season at the Court with a production of 'The Adding Machine,' an American variant on German models, with Mr. W. G. Fay in charge. Mr. Fay has been a splendid servant of the Irish Theatre, but Expressionism is a very different master. He allowed his players to be quite natural and normal in their method with the result that Mr. Owen's "futurist" scenery simply shouted them down. For its effects Expressionism depends on the disembodiment of the acting, which must be abstract and artificial in a harsh and horrible manner.

There ought to be a sense in this piece of mechanism run mad, of deadly nightmare, and of a ballet danced by crazy puppets in front of the crazy contraptions which make the scene. Mr. Zero's party, where all his suburban neighbours are paraded as identical people repeating identical conversation and bellowing identical slogans, was fairly well contrived, but the court scene, where Mr. Zero is on his trial for his life, had no suggestion of terror. The Stage Society, which produced this piece a couple of years ago, did better with less geometrical apparatus behind the players and more of furious fantasy inside them. The play is not bad of its kind, though it is not a kind of which one can stand very much. There are some passages of fairly violent irony and some ghoulish humours in a cemetery and it is a good thing that we should have foreign fashions on view occasionally, even though our English acting has not the idiom for their proper articulation. Sir Barry Jackson deserves the gratitude of all play-goers who are bored with the West End routine for offering the type of piece which is comparatively novel over here, though its vogue has begun to wane in Europe. There is no danger of English audiences becoming Zero-worshippers in the mass, but fanciers of the experimental theatre have now a chance to taste the drama of symbolic abstractions and to doff their hats to the scenery of angular allure. I, myself, feel no inclination to make that obeisance, but I gladly salute any manager who is ready to take a chance and give us something different.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—98

SET BY L. P. HARTLEY

A. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a poetical poem of not more than 20 lines in length, introducing the words "button," "whisky," and "substratum."

B. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an essay in not more than 300 words in defence, or praise, of Burns's definition of a kiss: "Humid seal of earthly bliss."

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 98a, or LITERARY 98m).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, January 23, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW for January 28. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 96

SET BY IVOR BROWN

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a translation into English heroic couplets in the eighteenth-century

manner of the following distressing narrative from Alabama:

Mrs. Lamar Bustin is confined to her bed suffering from the effects of a most unusual accident, that of being bitten by a catfish, while a member of a fishing party on the Tombigbee river. A 40-pound catfish had been landed by the party and had been placed in a small pool of water until the members were ready to return to their home. In a playful manner Mrs. Bustin's husband picked her up in his arms and threw her into the pool, her foot entering the mouth of the fish. Its sharp teeth badly cut the foot. At first it was feared the bite would result seriously, but reports from the home are that she is improving.

B. The 'American Mercury' quotes the following announcement made to its readers by the 'Altoona (Kansas) Tribune':

Ten cents straight will be charged for all obituary notices to all business men who do not advertise while living. Delinquent subscribers will be charged fifteen cents per line for an obituary notice. Advertisers and cash subscribers will receive as good a send-off as we are capable of writing, without any charge whatever. Better send in your subscription, as the hog cholera is abroad in the land.

We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the Best Send-Off of a lavish and leading advertiser who has fallen a victim to the plague mentioned. The dirge, which should be written in American prose, should not exceed 250 words.

We have received the following report from Mr. Ivor Brown, with which we concur, and have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. IVOR BROWN

96A. Pastiche evidently suits competitors and there were many who delighted in the formal periphrases and clumsy classicism of the eighteenth-century manner at its worst. T. E. Casson climbed a pinnacle of Latinity with

Quadrant
Hung the libration on the willow's splint.

and there were countless amusing variations on the finny breed and scaly tribe. The best entries pointed a moral, assuming that this sad story of lady into fish was used by the poet to embellish and to exemplify a reflection in some essay on manners as practised in the sporting life or married state. The best entries also came quickly to the crisis instead of dallying with the capture of the catfish. Athos, for instance, was extremely instructive about the species,

A mighty Catfish rears his horrid Snout
—The Pinelodus or the Horned Pout—

but he paid insufficient attention to the main incident and to the psychological problems inherent in the behaviour of the protagonists. Charles G. Box moralized well and showed a nice sense of the poise and phrase of heroic couplets. "Its jaws enclose it and its teeth incise" has the right ring, but he ended weakly. Major Brawn and H. C. M. were both efficient in style, but slow in approach to the vital moment. Doris Elles gave a good simulation of eighteenth-century models, but failed for once to be entertaining, and mention is due to P. R. Bennett, Pibwob, and Non Omnia. The task of selecting the prize-winners has been extremely difficult. I choose W. G. for first prize. He is entitled to his geographical periphrasis for that august river the Tombigbee, but he has some weak lines. I cannot commend his close, but

Step on the gas and scorch the smould'ring plain
is perfect Pope-and-flivver, while

And half invoked the sad Mortician's aid
is excellent. Some competitors made Bacchic allegations at great length, but W. G.'s "exhausted vases" is suggestive and concise. For second prize

I nominate Duff Cooper. He is alone in considering the psychological reactions on the fish and his last line is genuinely final.

FIRST PRIZE

WHAT MIGHTY ILLS FROM HEEDLESS MIRTH ARISE!

Attend the proof, ye doubters, and be wise:—
In southern States, the Muse's wish'd retreat,
Whose torrents roll immeasurably great,
Frequent the Beauteous and the Brave combine
Th' insidious hook to bait, and cast the line.
Such, to the wave by Tuscaloosa fed
The sylvan troop that gen'rous Bustin led;
With him behold, well-match'd yon peerless Dame,
Th' enchanting object of his lawful flame,
Swiftly their toil secures a finny prize,
Of horrid aspect and of awful size;
Wond'ring awhile they view their monstrous prey,
Then, captive, to a neighbor'ing lake convey.
They feast; exhausted vases strew the ground,
Next, Music speeds her whirling disk around.
Sportive the swains pursue, the fair ones fly
And boist'rous laughter echoes to the sky;
See Bustin last his struggling consort take
And steep, imprudent! in th' adjacent lake.
Infested spot! aghast he views the flood
Empurpled with a fainting matron's blood!
—Her from the monster's jaws they snatch ashore,
And view her tender ankle dark with gore,
Bind up the wound, the waiting chariots gain,
Step on the gas and scorch the smould'ring plain.
Soon the faint nymph Hygeia's domes receive,
Hygeia's priest flies ardent to relieve;
He struck with grief the bleeding hurt surveyed,
And half invok'd the sad Mortician's aid;
But Heav'n rewards the supplicating voice:
She lives! the virtuous and the wise rejoice.
Nor let the giddy, ignorant and vain
Neglect the moral, nor this verse disdain.

W. G.

SECOND PRIZE

What dire disasters frolic can provoke,
What tragic scenes oft follow on a joke.
Oh fie upon the fish that takes its name
From harmless Tabby of domestic fame.
Tombigbee's streams shall never more be blest
That brought to birth so unrefined a beast.

The hunt was o'er—the fish was safely caught
When Lamar Bustin had a happy thought.
Lifting his lady like a royal dish,
He sets her down beside the dying fish.
The finny monster, tickled by the sight,
Cannot resist the pleasure of a bite,
And plants his cruel teeth—the callous brute—in Mrs. Lamar Bustin's lovely foot.
Picture the angling party's wild despair—
The ladies faint while Bustin tears his hair.
The fish, like dyseptic epicure,
Who rather likes the dish, but is not sure,
Fears nightmare if he eats too much too late,
Puts back th' unfinished dainty on the plate.
Then tears are changed to smiles—the lady fair,
Tho' suff'ring still, is not beyond repair.
And Lamar thinks how in the days afar,
When thirsty anglers gather round the bar,
He'll boast for the remainder of his life
How once he baited catfish with his wife.

DUFF COOPER

96B. Entries for the "good send-off" divided themselves into two classes. Some competitors simply went on the rampage, poured out a stream of the more grotesque Americanisms, and plunged into such vulgarities as not even the wildest journal of the wildest town in the wildest west would ever print. Others endeavoured to simulate the soulful, glutinous style of dirge or dithyramb commonly found in the American Press. The latter party were attempting what I had in mind, i.e., something actually printable and capable of being taken seriously by a small-town reader. Accordingly, while I salute Lester Ralph for his invention, I must pass over his ghoulish coffin-song. This, for instance, belongs to a vaudeville turn and not to any American journalism:

No, Sir! our much lamented fellow citizen died as he lived, a solid, go-get-it, hundred per, business he-man. There were no flies on Wampus in his life-time and, thanks to the slick adjustment of the lid, in his death there were none; and, if he is not raised direct, non-stop, trans-continental, slick into the bosom of Abraham, that is sure the old yiddisher's loss, not that of Wampus K. Hoochstein.

W. R. Dunstan was amusing about an advertiser who could "stunt anything from a forty million dollar loan to a help ad. He knew just when to black it out and when to jazz it up and, if it went dumb, he would get a love-angle on it and put in a smear to tap the glycerine." But his contribution was far too conversational and did not read like the efforts of a hog-belt editor who has taken off his coat to a job of lachry-mose solemnity. Another to lay it on was R. H. Pomfret:

He left location with four of the stout boys Tuesday, intending go Wallah Springs for a sweet fiesta, but couldn't connect without boarding a dose of hog cholera, lately noticed in this burg. It was no bum dose, neither, but one built so it laid him straight flat. When they'd fixed him home Mrs. Spnuntz beat it for a doc, but the late respected chief had climbed the Golden pending her return.

Om.'s soul was straight as his biscuits was crinkled. Angel Gaby's gain is Gooferville's loss.

Tiles raised, Gooferville!

Leslie MacCallum had a splendid caption, 'Miles of Weeps,' and John Halton and J. J. Nevin were good in a quiet way. I select P. R. Bennett and Athos for first and second prizes: they both strike the right note of sententiousness and satirize American journalism without furiously burlesquing it.

FIRST PRIZE

We regret to feature to-day our soulfelt loss in the premature decease from hog cholera of our estimated fellow citizen, Hiram K. Buncombe.

Doctor Buncombe was the leading chemist of the century, president of the Sure Thing Cholera Powder Trust, Inc., and boss pioneer of the Truth in Advertising campaign; but he was a whale of a lot more than that. He was a hundred per cent. white, a good mixer, and above all a regular guy. A true he-man, he fell in face of the foe from whom he spent his life in defending us. He would have been happily with us yet, had he taken his own medicine; but the output, mighty and increasing though it is, is unequal to the booked sales. His last words were, "No, Sadie. Orders delivered in strict order of receipt. Let the boys know."

His advertisements combine the brilliance of a live bulb with a high percentage of uplift and truth which we trust his brother rotarians will strive to emulate. Our personal loss is irreplaceable, but it is some consolation to know that his welfare work continues unabated in the hands of his successor in the presidency of the S.T.C.P.T. Inc.

The funeral transpires to-morrow noon. Advertisers and subscribers (not in arrear) who attend will find their names in our account of the last sad rites in Thursday's issue.

P. R. BENNETT

SECOND PRIZE

Death, as the late N. P. Willis pointed out, loves a shining mark. Seldom has he gotten a brighter one than when, Thursday night, he loosed his shaft at our prominent fellow citizen and esteemed friend Homer K. Blew, the renowned Interment Organizer and Mortuary Artist whose extensive and up-to-date Studios on Cleveland Ave. are so handsome a feature of our city. We warned our readers last week of the prevalence of the Hog Cholera in our midst; Mr. Blew, whose sympathetic and refined ministrations in the wake, as it were, of the King of terrors have helped to assuage the sorrow of so many of our best and brightest, was a victim to that fell scourge, and passed to a brighter land at 10.20 p.m. It is in some sort a consolation to know that his oldest son (Vergil P., who with the bereaved relict is carrying on the business) has had the handling of the remains; in this pious duty he has, of course, employed all the skill for which the Blew parlors are so deservedly famed. We may remind our readers that the deceased was the patentee of the celebrated Frigidor Casket, that happy adaptation to funerary art of the principle of the Thermos Flask, enabling loved ones to enjoy the bodily presence of the Departed for quite a period, in all weathers.

In the words of Whittier:

The good die first,
And we, whose simple faith
Is (of course) considerably preferable to Coronets
Live on, tho' our guid mon's awa'!

ATHOS

BACK NUMBERS—LV

FOR a paper habitually unkind to poetasters, the SATURDAY seems to have been very gentle to "Owen Meredith," Lord Lytton, that darling of the worst Victorian judges. Once, and, as far as I can discover without elaborate research, once only, he had a slating in this paper. The year was 1861; the book was "Serbski Pesme"; and, though the notice was unsigned, I think I am correct in supposing the author of the attack to have been Lord Strangford. "Owen Meredith" eminently deserved all the condemnation he then received, for the book was a most unscrupulous enterprise. Professing, though not explicitly, to have gathered the poems, "whether weeds or wild flowers," on their native soil, he had in fact merely taken a volume of Dozon's French translation of the Serbian ballads with him on a tour of—the Carpathians, where Serbian was not spoken. Having no Serbian, I can say nothing on my own authority of the merits of Dozon, but competent persons have described his work as accurate, and it was at any rate unpretentious, in the good French tradition of alien verse rendered into careful prose. "Owen Meredith" shuffled the items composing Dozon's book, so as to obscure his complete dependence on it, and produced a metrical version said by Lord Strangford to contain many lines and phrases for which neither the original nor Dozon afforded any excuse.

* * *

But apart from that attack, which, after all, was mainly on the translator, not the professedly original poet, the SATURDAY took Lytton at almost his own valuation. Thus in 1890, noticing a selection of his own poems, edited by the late Miss Betham Edwards, some predecessor of mine, and on internal evidence I suspect a famous still living critic, declared Lytton to be a poet who had not had six superiors during the thirty years of his poetical life. Now, there were living and writing during those years Tennyson, Browning, D. G. and Christina Rossetti, Swinburne, William Morris, Coventry Patmore, George Meredith. Is it possible to rank even the best work of Lytton with even the worst work of any of these?

* * *

The question whether it is possible to do so is worth answering at some length, not because at this time of day Lytton's reputation need excite controversy, but because what is involved is fundamental to any consideration of poetry. I have named eight poets contemporary with Lytton, and of these six produced a good deal of work which is unsatisfactory. But in the worst of their work we are aware of a definite, and definitely poetic, personality. The particular piece is unsatisfactory, perhaps exasperating; but it arouses no doubt of the authenticity of the poet responsible for it. Turn to Lytton, and it is easy enough to find pieces which are extremely clever and effective, which testify to sensibility and literary talent and ample and varied experience; but nowhere is there a thing which convinces us that Lytton had a definite and definitely poetical personality of his own.

* * *

In his own day he was accused very often of plagiarism, sometimes not quite justly. How far he plagiarized is really of little moment. The fatal thing is that he had nothing peculiarly his own to which his borrowings could be added. The gods had given him nearly everything; he had great susceptibility, great cleverness, adequate reading, a life during which he was in contact with a great many remarkable people

and a participator in or spectator of many notable events. Italy, France, India stirred him; and there were the Brownings; and there was the background provided by the preposterous, yet after all romantic Knebworth, the creation of a father, who, despite his flashiness, was in some sort a man of genius. Only, Lytton could never experience anything quite in his own way, never express anything quite personally.

* * *

The moment he began to write verse, the memory of Browning or of Tennyson, or of some other, affected him; and always as a disturbance. He did not manage to think himself into the souls of the poets by whom he was affected, and there can be no question of comparing him with such a writer as Catulle Mendes, who by turns very nearly equalled every fine French poet of his age. The work of Catulle Mendes is a sort of supplement to the work of his masters and friends, not essential indeed, but having its value, if only as showing us "how it struck a contemporary." But what does Lytton tell us of the soul of Browning or of Tennyson, or any other poet? He takes their subjects and their methods, and is more or less ingenuous in reproduction of their outer mannerisms, but never does he produce the *pastiche* which is also a fine appreciation.

* * *

In his own day he was, perhaps, most generally known as the author of that piece, obviously romantic and obviously cynical, rather like the work of a degenerate Browning, which tells of the lover groping for the locket worn by his mistress and finding that it contains neither his own portrait nor that of his rival, but a miniature of the "Raphael-faced boy-priest," who had ministered, it seems, to her carnal as well as her spiritual needs. The thing gets its effect, but in how tawdry a way! He could do better work. The pieces in the posthumously published "Marah," occasionally reading like fair translations of Heine, never quite attain to the precision and sting which poetry of that kind needs, but make some impression on the reader. "King Poppy" is, for Lytton, surprisingly near originality, with successes of a kind in both the serious and the ironic passages. Some of the fables have point. And there is his epigram:

Since all that I can ever do for thee
Is to do nothing, this my prayer must be—
That thou mayest never know, nor ever see,
The all-endured this nothing-done costs me.

But all these things only mitigate the sentence on Lytton. He remains one of those who have thought to express a self without apprehending exactly, and at the cost of much labour and sorrow, just what his self was. To know the truth about himself may well be a bitter thing for the man, but it is the beginning of wisdom for the artist, and it is in vain that any writer spends his literary talents in expression of moods and ideas, moral or immoral, grave or trivial, which he thinks ought to have been his. Literary sincerity is infinitely difficult: Lytton did not even begin to perceive the conditions of its attainment. He felt Browningesque or Tennysonian or vaguely Byronic or Heinesque, and he lavished a really considerable talent on the expression of those temporary emotions. He should have written up in his study Verlaine's "Art is to be absolutely one's self," and Whitman's, "Who touches this book touches a man." And yet, perhaps, it would not have helped him. If no man by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature, still less by virtuous resolutions can any man achieve literary sincerity. The conditions of it are a pride and a humility in the acceptance of one's nature, just as it is, to which no Byronic person is likely to attain.

STET.

REVIEWS

COSTUME

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Robes of Thespis. Edited for Rupert Mason by George Sheringham and R. Boyd Morrison. Benn. 8 gns.

THIS book is something of a curiosity, as well as, very decidedly, a thing of beauty. The very statement of the editorial responsibility, as set forth above, is a little odd and invites meditation. The partition and arrangement of the text is queerer still. It begins with a charming essay, illustrated by two even more charming pictures, in which Mr. Max Beerbohm wonders why his friends, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Craig, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Ricketts, who design such lovely costumes for the theatre, do not design for themselves costumes a little more exciting than those which they actually wear. Mr. Beerbohm also remarks on Mr. Ricketts's opera-hat and excuses himself for not having drawn Mr. Dulac, whom he has not seen for ten years, or Mr. Glyn Philpots, who is too difficult. This is, I repeat, a charming piece of work, but its discoverable connexion with the rest of the book is slight.

Next comes an interesting but brief paper on 'Historic or "Period" Costume,' by Mr. Francis M. Kelly, followed by no fewer than three papers on 'Irish Dramatic Costume,' by Messrs. Lennox Robinson, Gerald Macnamara and Samuel Leighton. After that we have Sir Barry Jackson on 'Costume' *tout court*. Then two articles on 'Costume at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith,' one by Mr. Nigel Playfair, who might be expected to know a great deal about it and evidently does, the other by Miss Amelia Defries and Miss Maria Pitt-Chatham, who at any rate do not tell us very much. The next in the procession is Mr. C. B. Cochran, who announces that only his interest in costume induced him to revoke his decision never to produce another revue. He also deplores the fact that this book does not contain any of the designs executed for himself by Mr. William Nicholson: they are, he thinks, "of an altogether more highly imaginative order" than those here reproduced. Then, by way of beginning two pages on 'Costume in Opera,' Madame d'Alvarez remarks (or, perhaps I should say, screams): "'Costume in Opera'—how poor the reality!—how wonderful the seldom-met ideal—the costume that truly expresses the spirit, the personality of the character portrayed!" This is soon over (it is like the gale in 'Wenlock Edge'—"It blows so hard, 'twill soon be gone") and we next meet three essays on 'Costume for Ballet,' by Messrs. C. W. Beaumont and James Laver and Miss Edith Carlyon. The first and last of these cover much the same ground and have left the importance of Camargo's skirt engraved for ever on my memory. Last of all comes an essay by Mr. Horace Shipp, entitled, 'The Artist in the Dressing-room.' Observing that this was illustrated by some designs by Mr. Aubrey Hammond, I nourished the hope that it might contain an account of Mr. Hammond's adventures, but it turned out to be about costume in the theatre.

Now this book has evidently been produced with great care and at great expense. It constitutes an album of modern stage costumes which will be invaluable to the expert and delightful to everyone else. One hardly knows where to choose among its hundred and nine beautifully reproduced plates, which vary from Mrs. Laura Knight's 'Crowd and Scotch Dancer' for 'The Goose Fair' to Mr. Dulac's 'Mycenæan Dancer' for the musical comedy 'Phi Phi,' and from Mr. Ricketts's 'Goneril' to Mr.

Nicholson's 'Mrs. Diana Trapes.' This, which is, of course, the more obviously important part of the book, is admirably done. But I fail to understand why the text, which need not, after all, have been unimportant, should have been slung together with the casual irrelevance of a Christmas supplement. Experts almost any one of whom might have written a connected survey of the subject have parcelled it out among them without any system, so that they tread on one another's ground, repeat and contradict one another and leave much that is important untouched. This contempt for the written word is, I cannot help thinking, not far short of insulting, however unintentional the insult may be, and it does not bode well for the theatre if this is really what the designers, who every day gain more power therein, think of literature.

I do not intend to convey the suggestion that there is nothing that is interesting in the text: on the contrary there is much. Mr. Nigel Playfair and Sir Barry Jackson could hardly fail to say something to the point, however briefly and fragmentarily. But the article which has given me most to think about is that by Mr. Francis Kelly on historical or "period" costume, because there are here suggestions bearing on important matters outside the theatre. Why was it that within relatively recent times we ceased to think it natural that Shakespeare should be played in costumes not greatly dissimilar from those the actor would wear in the street? Why, when this idea had once entered our minds, did we rush immediately and rapidly in the direction of archaeological accuracy?

The first powerful leader of the movement, according to Mr. Kelly, was Talma, who created a sensation when in a small part in Voltaire's 'Brutus' he appeared in "woollen tunic, lacerna, sandals and bare limbs":

Louise Contat burst out laughing: "Oh! do look at Talma, doesn't he look horrid: *he's just like an antique statue!*" Mme. Vestris took the innovation more to heart. "Why, Talma!" she exclaimed, "your arms are bare!"—"I wear them as the Romans did."—"But, Talma, you are wearing no breeches!"—"The Romans wore none."—"Cochon!" and the lady, taking the "leading man's" hand, retired angrily.

Here we have in the plainest form the conflict of two sets of ideas, each of which is taken for granted by the two disputants. To Vestris, it was unthinkable that an actor in a Roman part should, like a Roman, wear no breeches: to Talma, it was unthinkable that he should wear them. But the end of the same year Talma was the acknowledged head of his profession, and that year was, significantly enough, 1789. By the 'fifties of the following century, Charles Kean had firmly established the new idea in London and it is that which we now take for granted, no matter what Sir Barry Jackson may do.

I suggest that this change is simply one aspect of the fact that about a century and a half ago our civilization began for the first time to be aware of the past as something differing from itself. About then it began to be more acutely conscious of the differences between itself and the ancient world—a consciousness shown in another way by the anxiety of the French revolutionaries to assume Greek and Roman republican names as pledges of the recovery of the republican virtues. Then the French Revolution and the Industrial Revolution between them changed the world and the nineteenth century looked back across that gulf at a past which seemed alien indeed. Progress from Richard III to Garrick had been imperceptible, so that there was no incongruity when Garrick played Richard III in the costume of his own time. But Tree could neither say that nor feel it: the things he took for granted (and it is in them that the history of civilization is written) demanded that he should do his best to reproduce the costume which Richard III actually wore.

DEFOE'S ENGLAND

A Tour Thro' the whole Island of Great Britain.
By Daniel Defoe. With an introduction by
G. D. H. Cole. Two vols. Limited edition.
Davies. £3 3s.

DEFOE'S 'Tour' was described on its first appearance, in 1724, as having been written simply by "A Gentleman." On the title page (apparently that of the seventh edition) reproduced at the beginning of this new and handsome version, the author's name is given as "Daniel Defoe, Gent." Neither description quite fits Defoe. With all his merits, it is impossible to apply the word "gentleman" to a writer who was not above making money by concocting alleged "confessions" of leading criminals and selling them at a penny a time among the crowds gathered round the scaffold; who took bribes from the Whig Government to spy upon the Tories; who "lifted" wholesale from Dampier and other contemporaries, and then wrote sneering introductions in which he compared his victims' work unfavourably with his own. On the other hand he was not, in the modern and derogatory meaning of the word, a "gent." He was, in fact, a journalist—and one who, even in the early eighteenth century, carried professional licence rather further than it was ever meant to go.

The reporter's touch is upon everything Defoe wrote. So anxious was he to appear to be merely recording facts, that he usually suppressed his own name. The authorship of 'The Memoirs of a Cavalier' was not discovered until years after his death, and even 'Robinson Crusoe' was published anonymously. In each case what the author strives for is an air of verisimilitude, and his chief title to fame is that he achieves it to a greater extent than any other writer of fiction in the English language, before or since his time. Indeed, 'Captain Singleton' is more convincing than Dampier; the 'Memoirs of a Cavalier' are, in a sense, much truer than the contemporary diary upon which they were based; Robinson Crusoe was always more alive than the flesh-and-blood Alexander Selkirk—who did, in fact, die, whereas Crusoe lives for ever.

This present work—so admirably reproduced, both as regards printing and binding, by Mr. Peter Davies—is a piece of pure journalism, naked and unashamed. It is all the more interesting on that account, since it was written by one of the greatest journalists who ever lived. As Mr. G. D. H. Cole observes in his introduction, it is a book that has been more quoted from than read. Mr. Cole, as might have been expected, takes his own peculiar view of it. He regards it primarily as a valuable witness to the industrial and economic condition of England during the first half of the eighteenth century, and, in his introduction, very ably summarizes Defoe's observations upon the condition of the leading industries of the country—upon the Sussex iron industry, for instance (in regard to which his prophecies were hopelessly wrong), upon the wool and worsted trades, the cloth trade, mining, agriculture, and so on. Defoe had an eagle eye, and, when he could be relied upon to visit a place himself and tell the truth about what he saw there, was undoubtedly the ideal newspaper correspondent. From this point of view his 'Tour' through Great Britain has real historical value.

But the average reader will probably be more interested in what may be called its human side. He will want to know how Defoe travelled—and there he will be disappointed, for the personal note is almost entirely absent. Apparently most of these long journeys were done on horseback, though stage-coaches were common enough in 1720, and Defoe records that the distance from Ipswich to London, for instance, was covered by coach in only one day. There is even a suggestion that he may have walked up

that steep hill from Guildford to Farnham: he complains so bitterly of the heat. We discover him as essentially a man of his time. He despises "antiquities," and his appreciation of architecture is limited to the works of Wren and his contemporaries. Of Hampton Court he observes, with revolting complacence, that "had the Peace continued, and the king [William III] lived to enjoy the continuance of it, his Majesty had resolved to have pulled down all the Remains of the old Building"—which more than reconciles us to that unfortunate riding accident in Hyde Park. But everything Dutch William did was lovely in the eyes of Defoe, who even credits him with having "introduced the love of painting" into England!

As he rides across the countryside, Defoe frequently notices the decay of the older families. "Considerable estates" are everywhere being "purchased and enjoyed by citizens of London, merchants and tradesmen." We are reminded of his own lines in 'The True-born Englishmen':

Great families of yesterday we show
And Lords, whose parents were the Lord knows who.

But though he might scoff, it is certain that Defoe wasted no tears over the old aristocracy. He welcomed the rise of tradesmen from his beloved London—London which dwarfed the rest of Great Britain to an extent which we can hardly realize to-day, containing no less than one-fourth of the entire population of the country and acting like a magnet which, in Defoe's picturesque phrase, "sucks the vitals of trade in this island to itself." As a sturdy Dissenter he notes with glee that in nearly every village the chapel seems to be fuller than the church; but generally speaking he keeps both his religion and his politics to himself, only indulging in an occasional grumble about the inequalities of the franchise. The Puritan comes out in his references to betting (or "jockeying") on the race-course at Newmarket. He makes this further comment, which throws an interesting light upon the methods of eighteenth-century trainers:

I was so sick of the jockeying part that I left the crowd about the posts, and pleased myself with observing the Horses; how the creatures yielded to all the Arts and Managements of their Masters; how they took their airings in sport, and played with the daily Heats which they ran over the course before the Grand Day; but how! as knowing the difference equally with their riders, would they exert their utmost strength at the time of the Race itself; and that to such an extremity that one or two of them died in the Stable when they came to be rubbed after the first Heat.

On the other hand, we get a lively account of the ladies in most parts of the country visited. Those of Bury St. Edmunds are defended against the charge of flightiness, though it is admitted that they attended too many "assemblies," of which Defoe strongly disapproved. Those of Dorsetshire come in for special praise.

But it is unfair to the book to pluck quotations here and there. That is how it has been treated by historians for the last hundred years and more; whereas in truth, it provides a picture of eighteenth-century England, so clear and detailed, so enlivened by what Mr. Cole calls Defoe's peculiar "pungency" of style, that it well deserves to be studied as a whole. There is much more here than an inquiry into the state of industry and commerce, though that was the main objective; there is the whole of England, as seen by the most observant pair of eyes that ever grew in an English head. It is a book that only Defoe could have written, and a book that everybody ought to read who is interested in Defoe and in the England of his time.

¶ Readers who experience difficulty or delay in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW are asked to communicate with the Publisher, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, who will give the matter his personal attention.

GERMANIA REDIVIVUS

The Rise of the German Republic. By H. G. Daniels. Nisbet. 15s.

AT the Conference at Versailles in 1919 voices were raised to cry "*Germania delenda est*"; an echo of those voices is to be found in certain of the clauses in the Peace Treaty between Germany and the Allied Powers. But, as is often the case with a blind vengeance, it defeated its own object. To-day—eight years after the signature of that treaty—Germany has risen like a phoenix from her own ashes and confronts the world with a problem no less involved and hardly less fraught with possibilities of international unrest than she did in the years immediately preceding the catastrophe of 1914. The outward trappings of the problem are different, but in its essence it remains unchanged.

The main lesson to be learnt from Mr. Daniels's very able and analytical study of the rise of the German Republic is that in very many respects the new German *Reich* is the old German *Reich* writ large in seemingly democratic calligraphy. Not, indeed, that the problem is any longer one of making the world safe against Prussian militarism. "Leaving detail aside," writes Mr. Daniels, "Germany is disarmed, and though the *Reichswehr* is a framework permitting the rapid expansion of the personnel, the material is not available for re-armament." And he adds his personal conviction :

Unless those who guard the fate of France are lacking in perception and common sense (and it would seem that the contrary is the case and they are more vigilant than ever), Germany would be defeated long before re-armament could be completed. The *Reichswehr* may not be a trusty instrument in the hands of the Republic, but at present it is hardly a menace, and at most it forms a military state within the State.

Rather is the problem one of reconciling the interests and ideals of an "uncomfortable people" with those of their more immediate neighbours and of Europe and the world at large.

Deeply rooted in the Teutonic mind is the tradition of monarchical government, and political responsibility is a new and not wholly welcome factor in the national life of a race that has been ruled for generations by a succession of able administrators. Prussia is still the dominant State in the *Reich*, and her rulers, whatever may have been their faults, carried out their kingly duties with a rare, albeit somewhat unimaginative and uninspiring, devotion to the welfare of their subjects. When the history of Prussia, as also of Baden and other of the lesser States, in the last two centuries is borne in mind, the full force of Mr. Daniels's shrewd observation that "the German Republic is not the victory of social democracy as a new faith" becomes strikingly apparent.

The whole history of the republican movement in Germany serves to give added emphasis to Mr. Daniels's further statement that "the Republic was not hailed with joy as the new dawn. There was no cry of 'We are free.' It was but the despairing gesture of a beaten people." A dreary experiment rather than an outburst of idealistic enthusiasm—and one that observers such as Mr. Daniels must at moments have grown very weary of watching.

It was Mr. Daniels's fate to have to watch the gradual growth of the Republic from its inception until the present year, and if something of the unrelied greyness of those days permeates his narrative the fault, if fault it be, must be ascribed to the essential drabness of his subject rather than to Mr. Daniels's style. Perhaps, too, in his desire to achieve impartiality, he has been almost too careful to avoid anything that might give colour to his story. We would have welcomed more character sketches of the leading actors in the play. Apart from this criticism, there can be nothing but praise for a book

that should do much to promote a better understanding of post-war Germany by giving its readers a singularly objective and dispassionate account of political events in that country in recent years.

Mr. Daniels entertains no very strong belief in the permanence of the republican form of government in Germany. The triumph of a Fascist movement, in his opinion, is not out of the question. "A restoration is less likely: at the present time dictatorship exercises the greater appeal." He draws attention to the existence of a startling paradox :

The republican idea as evolved under the bourgeois régime is nearer to Pan-Germanism than was the *Reich* evolved by Bismarck's policy. The militant spirit survives in Germany unweakened by adversity. Racial and geographical considerations decree that Germany shall remain "an uncomfortable nation in Europe," and the precarious nature of the German Republic will remain a vital factor in any estimate of the prospects of peace.

Nor does he hesitate to avow his belief that were it not for "the Treaty of Versailles, with all its defects, the second European war would have begun to be fought by now."

MOZART'S QUARTETS

Mozart's String Quartets. By Thomas F. Dunhill. 2 vols. Milford. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. each.

THE average programme-note provided by concert-givers is unfortunately so perfunctory that the listener who desires assistance towards a full comprehension of the music must seek guidance elsewhere. This guidance is provided for him in the useful booklets edited under the general title of 'The Musical Pilgrim,' by Dr. Arthur Somervell, to which Mr. Dunhill has now contributed two volumes dealing with Mozart's quartets. Mr. Dunhill has performed the task of analysis very skilfully, and has elucidated his narrative with well-chosen examples from the scores. It is on the critical side that one feels that the author's judgment falls somewhat short of the first-rate. For while his opinions are generally sound and just, he is too much inclined to fall in with the accepted view of these works. In spite of some apt metaphors and comparisons, he hardly gives the reader to understand that he is dealing with music to which the adjective "great" may truly be applied. The profound significance and the strong emotion that underlies the best of these works is barely touched upon. Yet it is their nobility and depth of feeling that has given the quartets their enduring hold upon musicians, and has earned them in recent years an increasing popularity with the public, which has come to realize that they are something more than delightful and elegant compositions.

About the three quartets written for the King of Prussia, Mr. Dunhill adopts the conventional attitude. They are certainly not on the high level of the best of the set dedicated to Haydn. But their inferiority need not be put down to Mozart's circumstances at the time. These circumstances did not affect the composition of '*Cosi fan Tutte*,' the most delicious and sparkling of his comic operas, which was composed just before these quartets, and '*The Magic Flute*' was written under conditions of even greater distress. The unfavourable view of the last three quartets seems to be derived from the false premise of a comparison with the earlier ones. But what if Mozart were attempting, not to repeat the same kind of success, but to conquer new fields? As Mr. Dunhill observes, the writing in these works shows the influence of Mozart's recent studies of Bach, but they show also a development of the composer's own attitude towards his art. He was no longer content to rely upon the aloof, euphonious style of his earlier works, but attempted to give a more personal expressiveness to his music. In fact he was approaching the

standpoint of the nineteenth century composers, of whom Beethoven is in this respect the type. He happened, strangely enough, to hit upon the same means by which his great successor gave expression to his most profound and intimate thought in the posthumous quartets—the contrapuntal methods of the older German masters. It is a failure to realize this change of view which leads Mr. Dunhill to depreciate the first three movements of the quartet in F major (K. 590). They may not be among Mozart's best inspirations, but they are certainly not to be dismissed as poor and lacking in distinction. It would be more just to regard them as the harbingers of a new development in his style, which was unhappily arrested before it could come into full maturity.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BOYHOOD

A Small Boy in the 'Sixties. By George Sturt.
With an Introduction by Arnold Bennett.
Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d.

GEORGE STURT was a wheelwright by trade, an author by profession. A bachelor, he lived most of his life in a small village called The Lower Bourne, near Farnham, in Surrey. For the more tedious aspects of his business he had, Mr. Arnold Bennett tells us, but a moderate enthusiasm. It was the author's, not the wheelwright's, craft which really interested him. A common mistake is to assume that because his best-known work was concerned with rural manners he had no other literary interest. But he wrote two novels, dabbled in drama and aesthetics, and kept a journal which, Mr. Bennett says, was his chief work. He himself said of it many years ago:

It goes by fits and starts, and it is not often narrative, but impressionist or analytic. It will be the most vividly interesting work I shall ever write; but it will not be published, probably, until I'm dead—excepting in bits which will be incorporated into schemed-out books.

Some part of the Journal has therefore already seen the light and the present volume may be regarded as a further instalment of it. One of its qualities is suggested by Sturt's exclamation in a letter written nearly thirty years ago: "Damme, I'm beastly interested in all sorts of things." There was, in fact, hardly anything which did not interest him. He studied and recorded everyday events with a quiet humility bred of a desire to know and to understand. "I have reached," he writes, "that initiatory stage in which one is convinced of ignorance." And he goes on to note "the elemental tragedy stuff" to be found in the decent history of his own village. In the same letter he modestly speaks of his additions to the Journal in the preceding twenty-four hours, concluding: "Not much 'literature' in it. But documentary stuff."

Mr. Bennett calls Sturt's writing "authentic literature." These recollections of boyhood in themselves justify him. They are made up of actual memories of individual sensations or perceptions as a child and in part of what the author believes to have been "a child's readings, through other people's eyes, of what was going on around him." Thus he notes: "There was the limpid caress everywhere of the daylight. I realize now how excellent it was, and how it pervaded my childhood." But, he adds, he recalls more easily occasions when other people were with him than when alone and concludes that he may have been using their perceptions rather than his own. But whatever the interpretation of his experience, there can be only one judgment of the quality of his record of it. He himself modestly writes: "Here rather is at best only a picture of such a little bit of undying life, obscure though hardly dull, as it looked to a child in Victorian days. It is at least truthful." But it is more than truthful. It shows sensitive observation and mirrors a spirit of quietude and peace.

ENGLISH FURNITURE

The Dictionary of English Furniture. Vol. III.
By Percy Macquoid and Ralph Edwards.
Country Life. 5 guineas.

SO much has been written about old furniture during the last quarter of a century, the major part of which is enlightening neither to the connoisseur nor to the expert, that the completion of this Dictionary is a matter of peculiar satisfaction, and, though size and price will not commend it to the greater number of amateurs of antiquity (who follow a craze rather than surrender to the driving of a conviction), it is a work of reference which will be indispensable to the serious student of the subject.

It is the final volume of the great work for which Mr. Ralph Edwards is chiefly responsible. Like the others, it is in every respect a noble achievement, exhaustive, written by first-rate authorities, and having copious illustrations of the quality which its publishers have taught us to expect from them. In this volume, which takes us from M to Z, the more important articles are devoted to musical instruments, needlework, picture frames, sconces, screens, stools, tables of all sorts, tapestry, upholstery, and such unexpected items as pipe and spoon racks.

But innumerable little paragraphs occur which explain technical terms, or rare woods, or which give some account of the lesser cabinet-makers and so forth. As in the other volume, pictures from early illuminated manuscripts are reproduced, which show contemporary types of furniture and household decoration; and there are numerous quotations from old inventories, which help us, not only to reconstruct the sort of houses inhabited by our forefathers, but are also of considerable etymological interest, as, for example, in showing the early uses of certain woods. A French illuminated manuscript of the fifteenth century shows a lady sitting on a hard joined stool before a table spread with a white cloth: and we learn that taffeta in the form of taffetye was known in the sixteenth century. Henry VIII's inventory mentions "four skrynes of purple Taphata, frysnged with purple silke, standyng upon feete of tymbr guilte silvered and painted"—though whether this was to ward off heat or draught we are not told.

It is interesting to know that the abominable fashion for "rustic" furniture was prevalent in the mid-eighteenth century, and Chippendale in his 'Gentleman's and Cabinet-makers' Director' (third edition), and Manwaring in his 'Cabinet and Chair Makers' Real Friend and Companion' (1765), give designs for rustic chairs. The use of bees-wax and turpentine for polishing or "politure," as Evelyn subsequently called it, was introduced in addition to oil in the sixteenth century after the practice of painting oak furniture had declined.

Mr. Edwards is as concise as he is thorough, and though the bulk of the book is devoted to beautiful things, as a dutiful historian he has included many specimens of furniture—especially of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries—which is definitely hideous, thus bringing home to us the truism that not all that is old is worthy of reverence. On the other hand, there is a tendency throughout the Dictionary to illustrate few specimens that do not definitely come under the head of fine craftsmanship. Much more of simple and appropriately-made country furniture might with advantage have been included, and, while the less said about, or at any rate the fewer the photographs taken of, the mid- and later nineteenth-century types the better, some encouragement might have been offered to modern cabinet-makers, such as the late Ernest Gimson. But such encouragement was outside the limit of the editor's intention, and Mr. Edwards is to be felicitated upon the completion of a most important work.

NEW FICTION

By L. P. HARTLEY

Avarice House. By Julian Green. Benn.
7s. 6d.

Beating Wings. By Robert W. Chambers.
Cassell. 7s. 6d.

God Got One Vote. By Frederick Hazlitt
Brennan. Benn. 7s. 6d.

Golden Rain. By Owen Rutter. T. Fisher
Unwin. 7s. 6d.

The Astounding Crime on Torrington Road.
By William Gillette. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

'A VARICE HOUSE' is a strange mixture—a study of New England life written by a Frenchman and translated by an American. We are given no clue as to the date at which the story is supposed to take place; but it is an America totally different from the one to which contemporary novelists have accustomed us, and has a flavour of the 'eighties or earlier. The three generations of women who occupy Ashley House, grandmother, mother and daughter, are the prisoners of the house: their movements are restricted to a radius of a few miles. This fact of their immobility marks them off, as perhaps no other single fact could, from modern America, where nearly everyone who wants seems able to pack up his things and move. And the main motive of the book is equally un-American. Mrs. Fletcher, the mother, is a miser, a miser of the stamp familiar to novels of French provincial life. She does not want to make money, or spend it, or make a show of it: she wants to feel it is there and gloat over it, and to this end she sacrifices her mother and daughter and incurs their bitter hatred, sacrificing them every day to some fresh economy.

It is certainly un-American, this private, passionate, purposeful, constricted existence; but it yields better material to the novelist than do the annals of the Middle West. The emotions of the three women, violent and nourished on antagonism, may seem exaggerated and incredible, but they take hold of the imagination; the first page excites curiosity and only the last allays it. The daughter Emily, who marries in order that she may bring a man into the house and thus oblige her mother to open her cheque book, is very well conceived; she has few tender spots or weak moments, but she is not altogether a monster. Throughout the book the characters act more reasonably than they think or feel; but for this they would become melodramatic and incredible. As it is, they are nicely poised between fantasy and reality. There is no individual scene or peculiar trait in 'Avarice House' that calls for special remark; its imaginative power, though considerable, is never such as to carry one away, but the whole piece is well thought out and well executed, and rarely does the author have recourse to the conventional properties of strangeness to give additional atmosphere to his strange situation. Nowadays one rarely meets with an avowed romance that is self-confident and unself-conscious: but Mr. Green has written one.

On 'Beating Wings' we are wafted gently back into one of the Americas we know so well; the America where the poor girl, with nothing but her beauty, her talent, her chastity, her independence, her innate goodness of heart to recommend her, launches herself gallantly on the stream of life, and makes good by marrying a man richer and of better social position than herself. She deserved her success; she always kept her head:

At supper she demanded plain water, and plenty of it; ate with a thorough knowledge of calories; but avoided nothing else—no sentimental perils of the infatuated and pin-headed;

no inflammatory declaration, no whispered vows, no amorous gaze. It was neither cock-tail nor champagne that started the local blaze around her; it was she, and she was aware of it. And blew it into a conflagration with every breath, every glance, with every silvery laugh that parted her lips.

Such was Ellie; and her history (which includes apprenticeship to a beauty parlour and a dazzling career as a sculptress) is more entertaining than she is herself. One envies her her rapid rise to fame. In a very short space of time, from turning out "equine but mechanical masterpieces," she was offered the sum of 25,000 dollars for a statue to go "in the centre of the great circular lawn inside the entrance gates to Three Lakes Park." But the romance that consists in making a name for oneself has been done better than Mr. Chambers does it here. His Ellie satisfies the conditions that a certain section of the American public demands of its heroes and heroines: she "faces up" to life, she meets it with its own weapons, she makes good: she is a hard woman of business and a melting lover. She possesses the qualities on which popular sentiment loves to dwell, but of individuality she has little. Mr. Chambers has considerable narrative power, however, and the story, such as it is, moves easily.

'God Got One Vote' is stronger meat than this. It chronicles the career of Patrick van Hoos, a "husky" hod carrier who, having proved his worth as a chucker-out at political meetings, presently became a politician himself, and one of the most powerful "bosses" in the United States. Mr. Brennan goes into the full-blooded incidents of his early life with much gusto; he has a genius for describing crooks of every kind, and for putting appropriate language into their mouths. He belongs to the school of American novelists, at whose head stands Sinclair Lewis, who delight in exposing their country's sores, and I suspect him of exaggerating abuses in order to give his satire plenty of scope. However, he does it very amusingly, as witness the peroration of a speech made by Kirby Allen, later to become Patrick's chief:

How are we voting, my friend? Are we voting as the politicians tell us to vote? Are we following blindly that slimy trail of corruption which leads from the bawdy house to the saloon, from the saloon to the polling place, from the polls to high office—aye, even to the White House? If we are, then we deserve the government we have, this black autocracy of graft. Dark will be the future of this nation when the ballot is debased to serve the ends of scheming men. Our elections will sicken even the sinners in hell, and the angels will lament "Ah, woe unto thee, wicked and perverse generation." Ten millions of you have cast your ballots, and God got one vote!

Patrick, though red-blooded and two-fisted in political life, in his love-affair with the rich, well-born Alvira is as sentimental as could well be. In later life he becomes the petty tyrant of his home, frowns on his daughter's efforts at self-realization, and throws a promising journalist, who was embracing her on the front-door steps, down into the street. Under the pressure of events he becomes gentler, ceases to dictate to Gwendolyn how she is to conduct her life, and ultimately, at the risk of losing all his political influence, he rounds on his old colleagues, whose corruption and venality had become more than he could bear. The book ends on a note of hope: but it is most readable, I must confess, in the earlier chapters, when the prospect of purifying American politics seemed more remote.

Among the not very numerous disciples of Conrad must be counted Mr. Owen Rutter. He writes about the Far East, and his hero, Jeludin, the noble Malayan who makes an heroic effort to turn the British out of his principality in Borneo, has certain Conradian qualities—obstinacy, fidelity, courage, disinterestedness, idealism. The resemblance does not go much further than that, for Mr. Rutter is not curious to examine niceties of motive or problems of conduct. 'Golden Rain' is an exciting story, full of action, and fairly free from love interest. The narrator of the

book is a good fighter and a likeable personality, but he is infected with the intolerance which seems, in fiction, to descend on Englishmen who make their home in the Far East :

What riled us most about Wyllard [he says, alluding to an unpopular member of this English colony] was his infernal slackness. He couldn't even be bothered to make other people work. I asked him once why he didn't set to and make a kitchen garden.

"What's the good?" he said. "I might get transferred from this filthy place before anything came up."

A very pertinent reply, surely. Why should he make a kitchen-garden? One sympathizes with Wyllard. And he was right : Mr. Rutter brings him to a nasty end before the sweet-potatoes would have had time to start from the ground. As an adventure story 'Golden Rain' is much above the average.

'The Astonishing Crime on Torrington Road' has little to recommend it, beyond its power to astonish. It is one of the most ingenious and unconvincing of stories written round a crime.

OTHER NOVELS

The Truth about Quex. By Douglas Jerrold. Benn. 7s. 6d.

A number of novels have been written whose title might well be 'Success.' This story tells of the success of a company promoter, or rather his series of successes from his start in 1903 as a subordinate in an old-fashioned silk-mercer's to his final appearance as an empire-builder on a joint-stock basis. It is written with a concentrated disgust and contempt that swamp the occasional irony of the narrative; it is a bitter indictment of a society in which a man without honour, without regard for those around him, whose only aim is money, is honoured and admired. Mr. Jerrold sees clearly and writes well.

Murder in Monkswood. By Horace G. Hutchinson. Murray. 7s. 6d.

Who killed Colonel Lampeter? He is found dead in a sort of bird sanctuary he has formed, shot through the back by a tiny shot-gun. The narrator is led to suspect his own mother, whom he has seen going into the preserve, and in whose basket he finds a discharged cartridge. Later on a tramp is arrested, in whose possession there is found a French coin taken from the body of the Colonel. This, however, does not clear the mother in the son's eyes, even when he learns the nature of the tie between her and the Colonel, until at last the real culprit is revealed. The plot is ingenious and the story is well written.

Saturnalia in Room 23. By Arthur Weigall. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.

A Riviera hotel of the most rigid propriety has just taken in a young couple on their honeymoon journey. They have not much money, but they have expectations. Peregrine from his father, who is an Alderman of Evangelical opinions and strict convention, Camilla from her aunt, who was a leading Suffragette, and, the vote having been won, is agitating against the infamies of legal marriage. Accordingly our young couple have to represent themselves to one set of people as properly married and to another as living in "free love." In the skilful hands of Mr. Weigall the situation leads to a growing crescendo of ludicrous intrigue, especially when the father and the aunt have to be kept from explanation, and the solution of the problem is ingenious. The title shows the view of the matter taken by the public opinion of the hotel.

SHORTER NOTICES

"... As Beggars, Tramp Through Spain." By Count and Countess Malmignati. Cape. 7s. 6d.

DISGUISED in Arabian costumes the Count and Countess Malmignati set out one night from their home in Cartagena to wander as beggars through Spain. The adventure was the result of a wager, and the terms were that they should take no money with them and that they should live for at least a month by begging, or by dancing and singing to the peasants. They managed to do this for forty-five days, but when the October rains began to fall vagabondage became very unpleasant and the travellers returned thankfully to Cartagena. The troubles and pleasures of their tramp are here told unaffectedly. Nothing very painful happened to them, but they occasionally met with ill-treatment, and the hardships of a beggar's life, lack of food, lack of shelter, sometimes pressed hard upon them. They received the most generous hospitality from the farmers and peasants and coastguards, and they were almost daily astonished to find how true the saying is that "the poor give to the poor, but the rich turn away their heads." Almost all the rebuffs came from the more affluent people of the town; those of the poor who had no money to spare gave them food, or cigarettes, or help of some kind. They enjoyed the easy humanity of the peasants, once the suspicion or curiosity aroused by the Arab's costumes was pacified. The spirit of these people seemed far removed from the "get on or get out" of industrial civilization.

The Voyage of the Caroline to Van Diemen's Land and Batavia, 1827-28. By Rosalie Hare. With additional chapters by Ida Lee. Longmans. 15s.

THIS is a curiously disconcerting book. In the first place, we discover that the diary of a voyage to Van Diemen's Land and Batavia, from which it takes its title, is with difficulty made to fill about one-fifth of the book, assisted by specially large type and wide gaps between the entries. All the rest consists of Miss Ida Lee's so-called "additional chapters," in which she narrates the early history of the various places called at on the voyage. In the second place, we find that the diary, thus prominently "starred," is of no interest or importance, being, in fact, just the kind of diary we should expect to get from a young girl of nineteen (Rosalie Hare's age), who was neither particularly intelligent nor particularly observant, and spent a large part of the time in her cabin being sea-sick. And, finally, as a last surprise, we find that the humble "additional

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chapters," which were probably approached in no very optimistic mood, are lively and well-informed, brightly illustrated, and in every way more worth while than the diary itself. In short, a bundle of contradictions! It should be added that there was an encounter at sea with a suspiciously piratical-looking vessel, which at first promised well. Alas, these pirates turned out to be tamer than the Pirates of Penzance: instead of taking things from the Caroline they actually gave her presents!

The Oxfordshire Hussars in the Great War (1914—1918). By
Adrian Keith-Falconer. Murray. 18s.

THE Oxfordshire Hussars were the first yeomanry to come under fire in the war. They entrained for France on September 19, 1914, and, "alone of the yeomanry which fought in France retained their horses and served in a cavalry division from 1914 to 1919." They took part in the first battle of Ypres, and thereafter saw continuous service in all parts of the line. The ups and downs of life in the trenches, and the excitements of the earlier actions in which the regiment was engaged, with all the humours and tragedies of war, are well described. But Mr. Henry Falconer is too long-winded: only those who have some personal interest in the regiment will feel inclined to read all of his 347 pages. Maps, photographs and appendices complete a very competent record.

The Story of Myths. By E. E. Kellett. Kegan Paul. 7s. 6d.

THIS book should be a very useful introduction to a study of the mythical elements in the stories of the past when these are known, for they are increasingly neglected in the studies of to-day. Miss Harrison the other day told us of a Classical Honours student who had never heard of the wolf-foster-mother of Romulus and Remus. Mr. Kellett drew the work up originally as lectures to students at a training college, and it presupposes only a knowledge of the contents of the Bible, Homer, Beowulf, and some Northern stories. His classification is a simple one, and his explanation of how the various myths arose is also simple: too simple, to our mind, for we have always found that the further one goes back the more complicated is the solution offered for any problem. There is a very good index, and the writing of the book is simple and workmanlike, which is high praise.

ACROSTICS

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition. A book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the Acrostic appears. (Books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' are excluded: they may be reviewed later.)

RULES

1. The book chosen must be named when the solution is sent.
 2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, and its price must not exceed a guinea.
 3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
 4. Envelopes must be marked "Competition" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
 5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
 6. Ties will be decided by lot.

For particulars of our Quarterly Competition apply to the

For particulars of our QUARTERLY COMPETITION apply to the Acrostic Editor.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 304

**TWO WINGED ONES IN OUR PILLARS LURK TO-DAY:
THIS STOCKS A LARDER, THAT PURSUES ITS PREY,
AND EACH MAY BOAST ITSELF A BRITISH BIRD.**

- AND EACH MAY BUST ITSELF A BRITISH BIRD.

 1. "The earth, too, has them," Banquo thus averred.
 2. Behead a shoe that's heelless, low, and light.
 3. Inspires bards who pastoral poems write.
 4. Anger in which you may discern a cavity.
 5. Makes judges head-gear to enhance their gravity.
 6. Latin nonentity—behead him, please.
 7. It is not thus your Welshman loves his cheese.
 8. Sole road by which we enter "Jove's great city."*
 9. Fair maid behead compact of love and pity.†
 10. Disturbance by tumultuous brawlers kicked up.
 11. Such Sly's condition, by the duke's men picked up.
 * Marcus Aurelius. †Shakespeare.

Solution of Acrostic No. 302

Solution of Acrostic No. 302	
sO	Fa ¹
U	Opia
R	R
B	T ²
E	Hant
S	E
T	N
W	E ³
ml	W
S	Y
H	E
E	Ach
S	R
	1 "I sing the Sofa." Cowper, <i>The Task</i> , i. 1.
	2 When the cow jumped over the moon.
	3 As supplying material for spermaceti candles.

ACROSTIC No. 302.—The winner is Mr. G. W. H. Iago, Sussex House, Cedar Road, Sutton, Surrey, who has selected as his prize 'The Breath of the Desert,' by Ferdinand Ossendowski, published by Allen and Unwin, and reviewed in our columns on December 31, under the title 'Shorter Notices.' Forty other competitors chose this book, nine named 'The Chinese Puzzle,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Carlton, Miss Carter, J. Chambers, J. R. Cripps, Glamis, John Lennie, Met, G. E. Miller, St. Ives, Hon. R. G. Talbot, C. J. Warden.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Armadale, A. de V. Blathway, Boskerris, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Ruth Carrick, W. H. Carter, Maud Crowther, Dolmar, Reginald P. Eccles, Gay, Jeff, Kirkton, Madge, Martha, Mopes, Oakapple, Shorwell, Stucco, H. M. Vaughan, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yendu, Zykl.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Bolo, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Mrs. J. Butler, Ceyx, Clam, Dhault, D. L., Wilfrid A. Ebbutt, Sir Reginald Egerton, Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, J. B., Margaret, Miss Moore, Lady Mottram, N. O. Sellam, Peter, Sisyphus, Miss M. Story. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 301.—Correct: Ruth Carrick, Dhault. One Light wrong: Ceyx, J. R. Cripps, Sir Reginald Egerton, J. L. MacCallum.

CYRIL E. FORD. I accepted Choruses, Dewar, and Chelonia. I should think you might bear the visit of an Eleemosynary with equanimity. I have not the slightest wish to be Esquired, but I do like to be Encouraged.

J. B., G. E. MILLER.—The *semi-quotation-marks* were intended to show that the line was a paraphrase, not a quotation.

ZYK.—Books reviewed under the heading ‘Shorter Notices’ may be chosen.

D. L., SIR R. EGERTON, C. E. FORD.—There were three books available this week: the two named above, and W. B. Yeats’ ‘Stories of Red Hanrahan and the Secret Rose.’



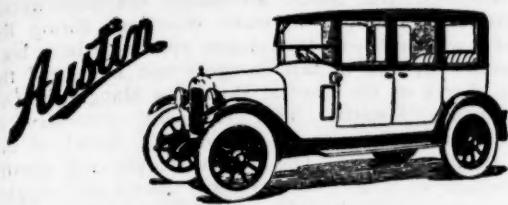


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NOVEMBER NIGHT

BY THE AUTHOR OF

The House Made With Hands	Miss Tiverton Goes Out	This Day's Madness
--	---------------------------------------	-----------------------------------

"Only a woman could write novels of such charm as 'November Night,' the tale of the many happenings that filled the married life of an apparently ill-paired man and wife from one November to the next. Written with a delicacy of touch that is delightful, this is a drama of womanhood that all feminine readers will thoroughly enjoy. The entire narrative is made distinctive by its sure craftsmanship and its subtle psychology."

—Dundee Courier

"Absorbing." —Spectator

"It is a fine novel."

—Miss May Sinclair

ARROWSMITH

CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

AS was expected, the glut of new issues which is generally experienced after the turn of the new year has set in, and last Monday the public were invited to subscribe for shares in five different ventures. It is regrettable to note that the 1s. deferred share is still with us. I have in the past referred to the undesirability of this class of issue, and I refer to it again because a serious warning appears necessary. Too frequently of late the purchase price of a company has included so many thousand pounds in 1s. shares. Taking these shares at 1s., the purchase price has appeared reasonable, but actually dealings open in these 1s. shares at an inflated premium, with the result that the vendor frequently receives some five or six times the amount that figures in the prospectus, as a result of selling the 1s. shares that have been allotted to him. Another drawback to the 1s. deferred share is that it has led to other classes of security being falsely described. The public during recent months have been frequently invited to take up so-called preference shares, and have been given the right at the same time to subscribe for an equal number of deferred shares. Had this 1s. deferred fashion not grown in popularity the public would have been merely invited to subscribe for ordinary shares, which adequately describes the security now in too many cases labelled as preference.

HALL TELEPHONE ACCESSORIES

I understand that dealings are likely to start next week in the 10s. shares of Hall Telephone Accessories (1928), Limited. This Company has an authorized and issued capital of £140,000 divided into 280,000 Ordinary shares of 10s. each. The Company has recently been formed to acquire the business of Hall Telephone Accessories, Limited, a private company who are manufacturers of telephone coin collectors and automatic stamp-vending machines to the British Post Office and to foreign Governments. The Company originally limited its activities to the manufacture of telephone coin collectors, but last year it acquired the allied business of the British Stamp Ticket Automatic Delivery Co. The Company's collectors are now in wide use, over 8,000 having been supplied in England alone. In France a subsidiary company has been formed, while a large number of collectors are now being installed in Germany and Switzerland.

Other countries supplied by this Company are the Argentine Republic and Rhodesia, while they are now on trial in the Orient, in India, Ceylon and Egypt. It is not possible to quote figures for the past year's trading in view of the fact that the financial years of the two companies concerned did not synchronize. For the three months ending November 30 last, however, profits amounted to over £7,000, while the profits of one company for the previous 12 months and the other for 9½ months totalled over £22,000. These 10s. Ordinary shares appear to possess considerable possibilities, and those who favour this class of speculative investment should not miss the opportunity of acquiring an interest when dealings start next week.

CENTRAL PROVINCES MANGANESE

Although the Stock Exchange has experienced considerable activity in many directions during the last few months, certain shares appear to have been overlooked, and in this category can be placed the £1 shares of the Central Provinces Manganese Ore Company, Limited. This Company possesses in India many deposits of considerable extent of ore of the best grade. The Bengal Naijpur will shortly complete a broad-gauge railway which will enable the company considerably to increase its output. It will be remembered that the Central Provinces Manganese Ore Company last year, in conjunction with five English steel-manufacturing firms, formed a subsidiary company to convert manganese ore into ferro-manganese, and this business should prove very profitable to the Company. For the year ending December 31, 1926, shareholders received dividends amounting to 30%. So far for 1927 an interim dividend of 10% has been paid. News reaches me that the Company's output shows a considerable increase during recent months, and it would appear that these shares if locked away for 12 months should produce substantial capital appreciation.

TIN SELECTION TRUST

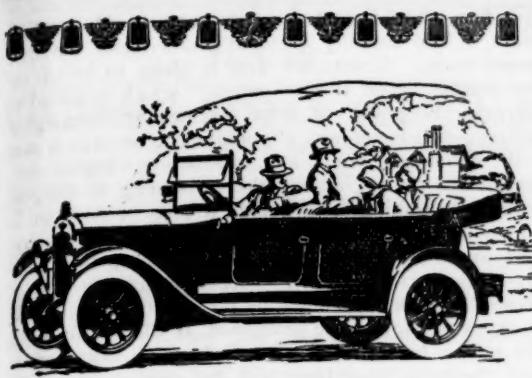
Shareholders are too frequently kept in ignorance as to the present position of companies in which they are interested, owing to the delay that ensues between the closing of a company's financial year and the issuing of its report and balance-sheet. It is, therefore, pleasant to be able to draw attention to a company who has found it possible to issue its balance-sheet, together with a very comprehensive report dealing with its activities, seven days after the close of its financial year. This has been achieved by the Tin Selection Trust. The balance-sheet discloses a very satisfactory position. Net profits having risen from £138,981 for 1926 to £251,145 for 1927, shareholders are to receive a final dividend of 1s. 9d., making 3s. 3d. for the year. In addition to a satisfactory balance-sheet one cannot help being struck with the comprehensive nature of the report, which includes a geographical schedule of investments.

STAR TEA

Shareholders in the Star Tea Company have received a bid of 18s. 6d. for their shares. This bid has been made by the International Tea Company's Stores, Limited, and carries with it the proviso that Star Tea shareholders can either receive their 18s. 6d. in the form of cash, or can re-invest this amount in the International Tea Company's Stores' 5s. Ordinary shares at 25s. per share. A circular has been issued to Star Tea shareholders which includes an estimate of future profits amounting to £544,189. This is equivalent to approximately 54% on the Ordinary share capital of the International Tea Company's Stores, which would show a yield of over 10% on the Ordinary shares of 25s. As it seems probable that the profits the International Tea Company will earn in the future will exceed this estimate, it would seem that Star Tea shareholders would probably be well advised to accept the offer and re-invest their money on the terms outlined above.

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MOTORING

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER

BRITISH motor manufacturers are taking every possible step to let the world know that the machines they build are capable of going anywhere, whether on made roads or wild bush country, over long distances without trouble. Quite recently, Major E. C. Barnes drove a fourteen h.p. four-cylinder Standard car successfully over two thousand three hundred miles of very indifferent roads through the rain belt of Cape Colony to Durban, thence through Johannesburg to Messina, a small mining town some five miles from the Rhodesian frontier, notwithstanding the difficulties of such a journey and the absence of made tracks in some parts. There were times on the way to the Victoria Falls when the soil was black clay, in which the car sank almost to the axles, and it had to cross a rushing river, the bottom of which was rocky and full of deep holes; yet it managed this with safety for the party and for the vehicle. Another example of this tenacity of the British motor car was demonstrated by the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce, who travelled fifteen thousand miles in snow, sleet and on an ice-covered track at Montlhéry, near Paris. This was performed on a six-cylinder A.C. car, which covered the fifteen thousand miles in ten days, averaging a speed of just over sixty-eight miles an hour, although it involved stopping and changing drivers, replenishing fuel and repairing damage from a skid (which lost fifteen hours of valuable time), through the slippery state of the concrete track.

*

This year there is going to be greater competition in the tyre world against British makers than for some years past, so that it is well that the leading British

tyre firm should start the new season with practical proof of the stability of their goods under the most severe tests. A new fuel also is about to be put on the market called "ethyl petrol," which is stated to increase the power of some engines by lowering or raising—whichever way one might choose to look at it—the detonating point, and so allowing a higher compression in the engine and slower running on top gear without "pinking." Whether it does or does not is purely a matter for demonstration on individual cars, and motorists must form their own opinion from practical facts, but such "doped" mixtures are at present only an experiment as far as their suitability to all types of engines are concerned. It will only be when the public have tested new fuels over long periods and distances that they will be able to judge the benefits—if any—which they may produce.

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Eighty-Seventh Statement of Assets and Liabilities, 31st December, 1927.

Dr.	LIABILITIES		ASSETS	Cr.
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.	
To Capital paid up	1,060,000 0 0		By Coin, Bank and Currency Notes and Balance at Bank of England	5,683,114 11 2
To Reserve Fund	530,000 0 0		By Balances with, and Cheques in course of Collection, on other Banks in the United Kingdom	1,383,263 16 8
To Current, Deposit and other Accounts	34,875,005 13 1		By Money at Call and at Short Notice	8,327,100 0 0
To Acceptances and Engagements on account of Customers	1,560,975 6 10		By Bills Discounted	830,824 12 11
To Reduction of the Bank Premises Account	191,116 5 8		By Investments British Government Securities £ s. d. (including £212,850 0s. Od. deposited as Security for Public Accounts) ... 8,056,970 15 3 Other Securities ... 848,089 16 10	8,905,060 12 1
			By Advances to Customers and other Accounts	10,831,758 5 8
			By Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances and Engagements as per contra	1,560,975 6 10
			By Bank and other Premises (Freehold) ... 695,000 0 0	
	£38,217,097 5 4			£38,217,097 5 4

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE AND REPORT.

We report that we have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books of the Bank, and have obtained all the information and explanations we have required, and we are of opinion that such Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us, and as shown by the Books.

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J. B. S. TURNER,
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10th January, 1928.

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 Burton's *Il Pentamerone*. Large paper copy. 2 vols. 1893. £7 10s.
 Burton's *The Kasidah*. L.P. 1925. 30s.
 Hardy (Thomas). *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*. L.P. Signed copy. As new. 1926. £10 10s.
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 Milne's *Garden of Children*. L.P. £3 3s.
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 Thackeray's Works. Illustrated Library Edition. 22 vols. 1867. £12 10s.
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